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NOTES.

AT length Mr. Chamberlain has made a speech worthy in every way of his eminent abilities. Not only the truth of his views, but their comparative novelty, and above all the courage needed for their enunciation, render this speech memorable. The occasion, audience and theme combined to favour the orator. Mr. Chamberlain had to speak in Liverpool, the largest port in the kingdom, to an assemblage of business men, the Chamber of Commerce, and his theme was the ruin brought on our West Indian Colonies by "the bounty system which prevails in certain Continental countries." He was not afraid to grasp the thistle firmly. No cant of free trade could blind him to the evils of this unfair form of competition. "If the principles of free trade count for anything—and sometimes it strikes me that those who profess to be advocates of free trade are very ignorant of its principles—but if they count for anything, one of its great principles is that every country should produce, and should be encouraged and allowed and stimulated to produce, articles for which by nature it is best fitted; and that then it should exchange its products with the products of other nations. If that be a sound doctrine, then the legitimate and the natural trade of the West Indies is the cultivation of sugar. That cultivation is threatened with extinction. The consequences will be of the most serious character."

This is the doctrine which we have been preaching in season and out of season for many years past. The essence, the virtue of international free trade is merely the territorial division of labour, and unrestrained competition seldom leads to this good result. Now Mr. Chamberlain has ventured to proclaim the truth, it will not be long before it finds general acceptance, for it has been regarded as an established truth by all schools of economists for this twenty years and more. In much the same spirit Mr. Chamberlain dealt with the remedies proposed. He had no objection to countervailing duties on the score that they infringed on freedom of trade; "it would be perfectly justifiable to adopt that weapon in order to secure free trade in sugar"; but this case of sugar was peculiar because "the West Indian trade which we desire to save is a trade of 260,000 tons per annum, while the importation of sugar into this country is 1,500,000 tons per annum, and it does seem rather an awkward and unscientific way of benefiting a trade of 260,000 tons by interfering with a trade of 1,500,000 tons." And therefore Mr. Chamberlain has induced the Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose at the meeting of Parliament "a very large grant in aid of the West Indies."

We might object, as do various journals, to the system of grants in aid to which the present Government seems so strangely wedded; but the boldness of Mr.

Chamberlain's new departure and its inherent reasonableness makes it impossible for us to indulge in the minute criticism of details. When his scheme is before us in its entirety we may labour this or that point; but for the moment it is enough for us to approve the principle of his reform. It seems to us only fair that, just as all Germans are taxed for the benefit of the producers of sugar, so all Britons should be taxed to aid the industry thus unfairly attacked. Needless to say, we are in complete sympathy also with Mr. Chamberlain when he declares that the new circumstances of the time call for a corresponding change in our commercial policy; "if we are to defend our trade, which is attacked from so many quarters and in so many ways, we must give up the old policy of apathy and indifference for one of initiative and resolution." We have not left ourselves space to praise as it deserves the large Imperial patriotism of the speech, but we have perhaps said enough to show that it was a speech which Chatham, or Burke, or Cromwell would have applauded, and words conceived in that spirit are likely to endure.

There seems at last to be a reasonable prospect of hostilities on the Indian frontier coming to a close. Contrary to what we were told a short time since in telegrams from India, the Bonerwals appear now to be disinclined to fight. With the exception of the Zakka Kheyl, the Afridis also are apparently about to come to terms, so that we may look for a return to more peaceful and settled times in that quarter. But there can be no hope of prolonged peace until we learn that the project of establishing military posts and roads beyond our border has been abandoned. To that end we trust that the latest pretext for interference, by the alleged necessity for holding the passes in order that we may carry out our engagements with the Amir, may be remorselessly exposed and dismissed. The war party in India have always shown themselves very fertile in the invention of specious pretexts of this kind. The project of obtaining possession of all passes leading from Afghanistan into India dates, we need merely point out, from the days of Lord Lytton, and it is therefore quite independent of our engagements with Amir Abdurrahman.

We wrote last week of the obvious insincerity of this particular contention. In matters political, insincerity must perhaps be expected; but it may be mischievous in other directions. Why is it, for example, that statesmen of all parties are so loud in their admiration of the exceeding valour of our troops in these late mountain campaigns? They must be aware that there is a very disagreeable, but very generally circulated, rumour that in some cases the valour of our troops was conspicuous only by absence, and that on these occasions on the native regiments fell the lion's share of the fighting. We cannot at all say what truth there may be in the report. But it has received so much attention

that it cannot be disposed of by wholesale panegyrics on the British forces employed. If there has been any misconduct, the effort to minimise or to conceal it is unworthy of our national character, and, moreover, is extremely mischievous. In the interests of our army, no less than of the country at large, it is to be hoped that the rumours we have referred to may be authoritatively contradicted, and that we may learn what has been the extent and character of the misconduct alleged, and what measures have been taken to deal with it.

Colour-Sergeant Walker should be promptly secured by Barnum. A British soldier who has not merely left his card, like Mr. Curzon, on the Afridis, but has been for a month their prisoner, and has lived to tell his experiences to Reuter's Agency, would draw larger crowds at Olympia than the bearded woman or other rare exhibits. Hope of pecuniary reward was probably the cause to which the Colour-Sergeant owes his life; but we may give the Afridis the credit of having treated him kindly, and the good services of the ex-sowar of Bengal Cavalry who exerted himself on the captive's behalf, will be suitably recognised, let us hope. Walker behaved like a wise man no less than a good soldier when he declined the suggestion of a wily Hindu trader that he should attempt to escape surreptitiously. He feared, as he tells us, that such an attempt would endanger the lives of other British soldiers believed to be at the time in the hands of his captors. This was a very proper and soldierly motive, but had he tried to escape, the chances are that he would have been before long recaptured and killed; and if any one was to have a reward for his safe delivery at the British outposts, one would prefer that it should have been the original Afridi captors and former enemy, rather than his friend the enterprising Indian trader.

The interest of the speeches of the week has chiefly lain in their references to the trouble in China. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has the art of saying the strongest things in such a way as not to provoke the storm that would be raised abroad if they were said by Lord Salisbury or Mr. Chamberlain. A short time ago he threw down a formal challenge to France in the matter of Egypt, and on Monday at Swansea he definitely informed Russia and Germany that England intended, if necessary, to go to war to prevent the closing of China to English trade. This closing would be the necessary consequence of any "partition" of the country on the lines so complacently laid down by some of the Powers only a few months ago. In this policy England has the support of Japan and of the United States, and the strength of either of these Powers, added to that of England in the Pacific, puts resistance on the part of Russia, Germany, or France, singly or in combination, out of the question.

Perhaps the enthusiasm with which the American papers have applauded the declaration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, arises from the fact that he has virtually proclaimed a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East: "We do not regard China as a place for conquest or acquisition by any European or other Power . . . and the Government are absolutely determined that at whatever cost, even—and he wished to speak plainly—if necessary at the cost of war, that door shall not be shut." We remember no occasion on which a cabinet minister speaking at such a crisis, has used the actual word "war" in reference to a foreign Power. It is a new departure, but the calculated indiscretion has produced a good effect both at home and abroad.

The proposed British Government loan to China is of course closely connected with this "hands-off" policy; for the really important, although undeclared, article in the contract for the loan must be that British influence shall remain supreme in the management of the Imperial Maritime Customs—that when the time comes Mr. McLeavy Brown shall succeed Sir Robert Hart. The terms openly demanded by England are the opening of three new treaty ports: a declaration that no other Power shall be allowed to encroach on the Yangtze

basin; and the permission to extend the Burman railways into Yunnan, and ultimately, no doubt, into the magnificent and practically untouched province of Szechuan. One of the ports to be opened is Talienwan, which would virtually render nugatory Russia's possession of Port Arthur. The Russian press in its wrath really quite forgets that the St. Petersburg Government has given solemn assurances that it had no intention of holding Port Arthur, but only meant to use it as a winter anchorage.

With regard to Siangtan, one of the ports to be opened to trade, the "Times" office and the telegraph company between them made such a bungle of the name, both of the city and the province, that some papers are still wondering where they are. Nothing could give a better idea of the stupendous possibilities latent in Chinese trade than the fact that we have here a city of a million inhabitants with a vast trade in coal and merchandise of all sorts, the greatest emporium in the world for drugs (of which the Chinese are almost as fond as Americans), and yet not a morning newspaper office in Europe was able to tell us anything about it. The best account of the city and district will be found in the seventh volume of the "Géographie Universelle" of Elisée Reclus. The city is in fact the capital of Central China. Goods come to Siangtan from all Hunan and from three other provinces, and coal is conveyed from the coalfields of Lui Ho, which are comparable to those of Pennsylvania in extent and value. The Imperial Customs Department have long had their eyes fixed on Hunan, but all attempts to open it have hitherto failed. If Sir Robert Hart now succeeds, the achievement will of itself justify the £12,000,000 loan.

The speeches of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith, on Wednesday night, usefully reinforced Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's declaration, for they showed that the Opposition is quite at one with the Government in its Chinese policy. The former Secretary for War agreed that the country is determined at all reasonable cost to maintain its rights of commerce and traffic in the Far East. The former Home Secretary spoke even more strongly, and assured the Government that they had behind them "the unbroken support of a united nation." It is a pity that the strong word in foreign politics is not uttered a little oftener by our politicians. The whole Chinese business is an odd commentary on the proceedings of the European concert in the Mediterranean. In his speech the same night, at Liverpool, Mr. Chamberlain, in fact, suggested that if the late Government had spoken the strong word at the outset of the Armenian agitation, a great deal of the subsequent troubles in the Eastern Mediterranean might have been avoided.

Mr. Chamberlain's references to Home Politics were in his best fighting form. His comparison of the Liberal Party to the dogs in the story who had eaten their labels, so that no one knew where they were going, was amusing, and his description of the attitude of the Opposition towards the Government was both clever and true. In one breath, he pointed out, the Government were accused of doing nothing and of doing too much; of disappointing their friends and of giving bribes and doles to all their supporters; of bad and reactionary legislation and of stealing most of their measures from the Liberals. All this was admirable polemic, but it is easy in their present state of disorganization to make fun of the Liberals, and we confess we should have liked Mr. Chamberlain to have spent a little more time on the events and developments in his own department of Colonial politics.

Lord George Hamilton assured the Acton Conservative Club on Wednesday night that when Parliament meets the Government will "secure an almost unanimous conclusion as to the principles which underlay their policy in the future." As literature, that remark is too vague to be brilliant; but as an answer to criticism it is clear enough. Lord George Hamilton, we think, will be disappointed. The party majority will see him and his policy through; but the opinion of the experts, which is on the other side, is every day be-

coming more pronounced. The very number of the "Times" in which Lord George Hamilton's speech is reported contains a letter from General Sir John Adye deploring the policy as being fundamentally erroneous. "The people of this country are," says the distinguished General, "becoming aware that what is commonly called the 'forward policy'—that is, of endeavouring to subjugate the poor, brave, but turbulent races who reside between us and Afghanistan—is unjust in itself, and if persisted in will prove to be dangerous in its effects, not only in alienating our neighbours, but also in affecting the people of India, involving as it does a vast expenditure which the finances of that country are unable to bear." This is quite in harmony with the opinions expressed, or known to be held, by experts such as Lord Wolseley, Sir Donald Stewart, General Brownlow, Lord Chelmsford, Sir Neville Chamberlayne, Sir Lepel Griffin, Sir Auckland Colvin, and General Gough. When it is in dissonance with the judgment of men such as these, approval from a party majority in the House of Commons is cold comfort indeed.

If the Transvaal Government continues on its present course after the exigencies of presidential electioneering are past, the outlook for reform is not promising. The latest and worst case of all is the action of the Transvaal Executive with regard to Mr. Lionel Phillips. Mr. Phillips, after his release from Pretoria Gaol, where he was confined for his share in the Johannesburg Reform movement, gave a pledge as the condition of his release, that he would not in the future interfere in the politics of the Transvaal. He is now in England, and in the August number of the "Nineteenth Century" he wrote an article, entitled "From Inside Johannesburg," which was merely historical in tone and narrated the simple facts of the Reform movement as Mr. Phillips had observed them from his position of vantage inside the movement. This article the Transvaal Executive has made a pretext for the continued exclusion of Mr. Lionel Phillips from Transvaal territory, though how a simple historical statement can be construed into an interference in the politics of the Transvaal State it is impossible to conceive. The action of the Boer Government is in fact a piece of contemptible tyranny of which any civilised government would be ashamed, and the only conclusion the ordinary man will come to is that President Kruger and his friends, in spite of the collapse of the Reform movement, are still afraid of Mr. Lionel Phillips. This may be true, but it is not a truth of the kind which would win a presidential election, except in a country where the electors are Boers.

We cannot congratulate the London Municipal Society upon its programme for the forthcoming County Council election, so far as it was foreshadowed in the Earl of Onslow's speech at the Hôtel Metropole on Monday. The first point to which the attention of the electors is to be directed, it seems, is the enhancement of the dignity of the various local authorities, but this in no way differentiates the Moderates from the Progressives. The latter have already declared themselves entirely in favour of this reform. The second point about the improvement in the Fire Brigade is a mere trick for catching votes, of which the Progressives could avail themselves with quite as much advantage as the Moderates. Nor did Lord Onslow explain in what way the Moderate policy with regard to the tramways was going to reduce the burden on the ratepayers, for the Moderate policy in the past has been to obstruct the purchase of the tramways by the County Council. We can only hope that Lord Onslow's reference to the tramways as likely to become one of the ratepayers' most valuable assets indicates a complete reversal of the former policy. What the Moderates want is a progressive programme of good municipal government. Such a programme seems as far off as ever, and we regret all the more, therefore, that a progressive Moderate like the Hon. Claude Hay has been rejected as a candidate for the Council by the unenlightened Conservatives of Holborn.

The Uganda news still shows no sign of the approaching end of the present chaos, although letters have now been received in England up till the middle

of November. There has been a fight between the Protestant Baganda and the Soudanese in which, despite the apparent overwhelming numbers of the Baganda, they got much the worst of the encounter. It is a relief to hear that there was no foul play in the death of Mr. Pilkington, who was killed while helping to cut down the plantains which provided the Soudanese with food, and was, therefore, acting as a belligerent. Mr. Jackson is said to be out of danger, though a bullet-wound through the lung is a very serious injury in such a climate as that of Uganda. His improvement in health is the one item of cheering news, for his life could ill be spared. It was he who led the caravan which secured Uganda for England. He is generally believed to have been the original of Rider Haggard's Captain Good.

It is reported that the Foreign Office has received dispatches from our Consul-General at Zanzibar on the subject of the Uganda trouble, but as the "letters giving full details of the revolt seem to have miscarried on their way to the Coast," we fancy that Downing Street is as much in the dark as the rest of us. Many months ago Major Macdonald started from the Coast with quite the best equipped and strongest expedition ever seen in that part of Africa. Its aim has never been made public, but we cannot be far wrong in assuming that it had a mission of very serious importance in the neighbourhood of Lake Rudolph and the Upper Nile basin. After some months we heard that Major Macdonald was in difficulties with the Soudanese troops, who had been sent from Uganda to join him and his Sikhs. Then we heard of fighting, resulting in the death of several of the most useful British officers in Central Africa. The Soudanese, we were told, had taken refuge in a fort on the banks of the Victoria Nyanza, but they would soon be subdued and punished.

More months pass and then, last week, we learnt that on November 13 the mutineers were still holding out; that they had a Maxim with them and ammunition and knew how to use it, and that they had just repulsed an assault on their fort with a loss of seventy-seven killed and wounded. Major Macdonald's brother and Mr. Pilkington, a missionary, have also been killed. When we add that the Buddu country to the west of the lake is "up," and that messengers are intercepted on their way to the coast, it would seem that the Macdonald expedition had not only ended in an utter fiasco, but that the whole machinery of government in the Uganda district was upset. Nor can the Uganda railway be making much progress, when every available man is being sent up from the coast to help a British officer in fighting his own men. Altogether it is the most serious crisis that has occurred since the Government took over the East African territory.

Is it any wonder that everybody interested in Uganda, and especially the friends of the officers who have fallen in useless strife, are besieging the Foreign Office for information, and clamouring for an inquiry into the whole wretched business. That inquiry we certainly think the Government should grant, and we hope it will be the first task of Mr. Berkeley, the Imperial Commissioner now on his way out, to make a searching investigation into the causes of this series of disasters. We may point out that the "Saturday Review" has already on more than one occasion called attention to the fact that Major Macdonald was singularly unfortunate in his relations with the Soudanese troops—men who, under officers who understood them, have shown themselves as brave and loyal as any in the service, but who do not take kindly to the pipeclay and rigid discipline of the Indian barrack-yard. They have been our right-hand men in the maintenance of our authority in Uganda. Why are they now in revolt? Major Macdonald is an officer with a good record in the handling of Indian troops, but why was he sent a second time to lead Soudanese? We all know his first experience of them. They mutinied and had to be disarmed at the point of the Maxim.

The trade returns for 1897 tell the now familiar story of movements in the wrong direction. In December,

Imports fell off by some 5 per cent. as compared with December 1896, and Exports—notwithstanding an increase of nearly a quarter of a million in the item of coal—also declined by 4 per cent. On the whole year, we bought more than in 1896 to the extent of £9,429,779, and we sold less to the extent of £5,795,548. In other words, we managed to buy 2 per cent. more whilst disposing of 2 per cent. less. If the trade of the country were to be regarded in the light of an ordinary business concern, the Bankruptcy Court would assuredly not be far off. We do not wonder that Mr. J. W. Cross should write to the "Times" and plaintively ask what it all means. Working out the exports and imports for the last thirty years, he finds that where we used to import £10 16s. 7d. we now import £11 os. 7d. worth of commodities per head, and where we used to export £6 15s. 8d. worth of commodities, we now export £6 2s. 10d. And in spite of these figures Mr. James Bryce assures us that the Dingley Tariff, which accounts for some part of the decline in 1897, is not altogether a bad thing for Great Britain, because it keeps the Americans so busy at home that they have no time to push their wares abroad!

The late Mr. Villiers was a good type of the old-fashioned Whig of popular sympathies, who flourished exceedingly in the days of the first Reform Bill. His first public appearance was as a page at the coronation of George IV., when the Whigs were high in favour, and from that time up till last year's Diamond Jubilee, when the Queen, departing from the usual custom with regard to individual subjects, accepted a present from him, he has always been in high favour at Court. He acted for several sessions as the proposer of the annual Free Trade motion in Parliament, but it required the rougher methods and more forcible oratory of Cobden and Bright and the Leaguers to make any impression on Parliament or the country. Altogether one may sum him up as a man who, if he had not been the brother of an Earl, would not have been much heard of.

Dr. Liddell, who was for thirty-eight years Dean of Christ Church, died on Tuesday. His literary works included a History of Rome from the foundation of the city to the year 30 B.C.; but, as regards letters, his memory will be mainly associated with the Greek Lexicon, which he compiled in collaboration with Scott. There were times of strife at Oxford during his fifty years' residence there; but he allowed himself to be involved in one of the controversies only. That was the controversy over the Commission which eventually reconstituted the studies of Oxford. On that question, as on the affairs of politics, he was moved by a strong impulse of Liberalism. Dr. Liddell wisely abstained from theological discussions. He had been through the Tractarian epoch, and evidently distrusted all excitements of the kind. He was a humorist in an academic way. "How long have you been a member of the University, my lord?" he said to a young man who had omitted to "cap him" when they met in the street. "A week, sir," the youth answered. "I understand," said the Dean; "puppies cannot see till they are eight days old."

Dr. Liddell was certainly one of the most noble-looking men of his time, and when he was Vice-Chancellor in his turn, it was magnificent to see his stately figure on the way to some university function, preceded by the three "pokers." But although he was a really splendid figure-head of the University, he was anything but a success as head of a college, and it is since his resignation of the Deanery that the "House" has begun to take a foremost place in the class-lists.

The dispute between employers and employed in the engineering industry seems to be drawing towards a close. The Allied Trade Unions having withdrawn the demand for "a forty-eight hours week," the Federation, on Wednesday, resolved to withdraw the lock-out notices on the 24th inst. should they by that day hear that the Unions "confirm the acceptance of the conditions of management mutually adjusted at the recent West-

minster Conference." It is believed that the executive of the Allied Trade Union is disposed to meet the conditions of peace; but, of course, the men must be consulted. There are mutterings of revolt against the projected treaty among some of the members of unions in the North of England. On the other hand, the engineers in the great yards on the Clyde are avowedly tired of the strife, and there is reason for believing that the settlement will be effected within the next few days.

As usual, every explanation has been given of the increase of General Kitchener's Egyptian forces except the right one. It is true, of course, that the Khalifeh's forces at Omdurman, Shendy and Metammeh are much stronger than can be pleasant for the Egyptian force at Berber and Ed Damer. The situation, however, is no worse in that respect, but rather better, than at any time since the advance on Berber. What really happened was that Colonel Parsons on his journey to Kassala, before the taking-over of that stronghold from the Italians, found that Menelik of Abyssinia was in great wrath at the prospect of what he regarded as the surrender to the Egyptians of a part of his rightful dominions, and that he was mobilising his army with the intention of asserting his authority. This would have been a danger indeed, for, as the Italians can tell, Menelik's army is not to be despised, and if he be acting, as is suspected, in concert with the Khalifeh, we may have a very unpleasant affair on our hands.

For the Royal Statistical Society it would seem that the only moral of the statistics of foreign and British trade is that the present fiscal system in this country is everything that could be desired. Mr. J. A. Baines, at the meeting of the Society on Tuesday, declared that there is nothing in the commercial situation to threaten British trade supremacy if Great Britain moved with the times. But the economic spirit of the times favours Protection, and Protection is the very plague to economists of the kidney of Mr. Courtney, who presided at the meeting. Mr. Courtney tries to convince us that all is well on the ground that, though the foreigner is going rapidly forward, Great Britain is holding her own. But that is hardly in accordance with the fact. It is not the increase in German exports, but the decrease in British exports, that occasions anxiety. Mr. Courtney is quite happy in the belief that if Great Britain is losing control of her Colonial market, she is yet able to advance elsewhere. That is a rather subtle way of confessing that Great Britain, with her mighty world commerce, is in danger of being driven from pillar to post by her commercial rivals. Foreign competition is a much graver question than either Mr. Baines or Mr. Courtney is prepared to admit.

If all the revolting clergy of the St. Asaph diocese are like the Rev. Mr. Venables Williams, as exhibited in two letters published by himself in the "Liverpool Courier," we do not wonder that the Bishop has won an easy victory. The tone and temper of the letters in question are lamentable.

Mr. John Kensit is a militant Protestant, who has a book-shop in Paternoster Row. It appears from the "City Press" that he has hired a room in Bishopsgate Street in order to constitute himself a parishioner of St. Ethelburga's, where he made one of his now familiar "scenes" last Sunday. There is no question about the scandal of a rich benefice with an absentee rector of ninety, who has not been near his church for many years. There is not much question that the ritual and other usages of the curate-in-charge go far beyond what is tolerated, not to say authorised, in the Church of England. But though this is admitted, Mr. Kensit's method of reformation by making rows in church is perhaps quite as serious a "scandal" or stumbling-block as the practices he condemns.

The Norwegians having reduced their contribution to the allowance of the Crown Prince of Norway and Sweden by 50,000 kroner, the Swedish Riksdag has been asked to increase its grant by the same amount. There is little doubt that the amount will be voted, and will only increase the popular irritation in Sweden

against the Norwegians. That the Swedes are preparing for serious trouble is shown by the Budget which was submitted to the Riksdag on Tuesday. They are asked for a vote of 350,000 kroner for further fortifications at Göteborg, 3,000,000 kroner for other defensive works, and no less than 6,500,000 kroner for new war-vessels.

The report on the Turkish debt, which Sir Vincent Caillard has recently issued, shows that, notwithstanding the troubles and disorders in the Sultan's dominions during the past year, steady progress is being made. In the last five years the total nominal capital of the debt has been reduced by over £7,000,000, and now stands at £102,208,378. Unfortunately the annuity necessary to provide payment of a full $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the debt is not yet quite available.

If the Dreyfus agitation and counter-agitation be permitted to go on much longer there will be trouble in France. The only result of the orgie of delation and recrimination is that there is nowhere left any real confidence in the justice of the tribunals or the intelligence of the higher army officers. The latest report, that Dreyfus at the time of his degradation made a confession of his guilt to Captain Labrun Renaud, will "not wash." Such a confession would have been conclusive, and it would have been the duty of the Government at once to have published it, thus instantly stopping all the talk. Another story is that it was the Russian Government and not the German that Dreyfus had secret relations with, and that this is the reason why no evidence must be published: it would hurt the feelings of the Czar and his people! The difficulty about this rather weak and pointless invention is that the same people who father it have already given full details of the German plot, with the names of the officers with whom Dreyfus was in correspondence. And all that while people are being forced, for want of a better conclusion, to believe that the simple explanation is that the French authorities made a bad blunder and are ashamed to confess it.

It is common talk in Army circles that Sir Henry Kitchener's dispatches are too much concerned in the preaching of the gospel according to Kitchener. When much credit has been due to a subordinate, the glory has hitherto been exclusively the share of Sir Henry Kitchener. The crumbs that fall from his table to his officers by their being "mentioned in dispatches" are not a fattening diet for either promotion or honours, so that in this case the modification of the Sirdar's recent order with regard to newspaper correspondents is not unwelcome. It is now only just filtering out that in spite of the brilliant newspaper accounts of the behaviour of the Egyptian troops in the last operations, the real fact was that the Egyptian troops proved themselves to be the worst of fighters. Half the work of the other troops lay in preventing the Egyptians from running away. The newspaper mistake is believed in the army to have originated in the fact that the correspondents were not quite certain which the Egyptian troops were.

The recent death of Mr. Edward Davies, of Plás Dinan, will recall his father, Mr. David Davies, M.P., to the memory of many members of the House of Commons. Beginning life as a sawyer, he became a railway contractor in the palmiest days of contracting. In the House he posed as the exponent of Nonconformity and the advocate of the ideas of the working-man, and was never tired of stating in public that he was a "self-made" man. The House got weary of his reiteration on this point, and on one occasion an irreverent young member audibly interrupted with the remark: "Architect of his own fortune; d—d bad job he made of it!" Disraeli, who happened to be present, with the experience of an older parliamentarian, and with rather more polished manners, was silent until the speech came to a close. He then said that "the honourable and genial member for Cardiganshire was never tired of repeating the information that he was a self-made man, but he thought the House would agree that whatever the value of the hon. member's opinion, there was no doubt of the fact that he worshipped his maker."

EGYPT AND THE UPPER NILE.

IN 1883 Gordon and Sir Samuel Baker both predicted that the Egyptian evacuation of the Soudan would be inevitably followed by a French occupation of that country. "France would be in like a shot," said Baker, "if we allowed her, and we could not forbid her to enter without playing a very dog-in-the-manger policy." Gordon was equally emphatic, and he was not content with prophecy, for he did his best to secure the fulfilment of his predictions by persuading the French to seek compensation for their loss of influence in Egypt by undertaking the government of the Soudan. "It is just as important to govern the Soudan well as it is to govern Egypt well," Gordon wrote to a distinguished French politician; "tell M. — [Gambetta] to insist on the control of the Soudan. . . . Do not lose the Soudan, that is my prayer." Baker's prophecies and Gordon's prayer have been only too well fulfilled, and last week we explained the arguments by which the French justify their response to Gordon's appeal to them to "take in hand the just cause of the poor slaves" of the East Soudan. We pointed out that on the hinterland doctrine the French have an arguable case, and that on the principle of no sovereignty without occupation, so clearly defined by the British Government, the French have a strong case. Let us now consider the arguments on the other side.

The direct British claim to the country is admittedly weak. Sir Edward Grey in 1893 insisted that the northern frontier of British East Africa lay far to the south of the Bahr-el-Ghazl. Great Britain has claimed the country in negotiations with France, the Congo Free State, Italy and Germany; but the basis of our claim is not very substantial. But indirectly as the acting guardian of Egypt, our right of intervention in the country is very strong.

The Egyptian rights to the East Soudan rest on conquest and on many years of practical, and on the whole useful, administration. The Egyptian officials were often weak and corrupt; but the country was more prosperous under them than under either their mercenary, slave-raiding predecessors or their fanatical Madhist successors. Madhism swept away Egyptian rule, and the English Government, no doubt wisely, refused to allow Egypt at that time to attempt the reconquest of the country. But neither the Sultan nor the Khedive have accepted the retreat as permanent; and many of the English officials in the Egyptian service who most strongly insisted on the necessity of temporary abandonment, also insisted that such abandonment could only be temporary. The forward party in France now urges that Egypt has forfeited her claims to the East Soudan as completely as Portugal forfeited Mombasa owing to her failure to hold it against the Arabs.

The question as to the lawful ownership of the Bahr-el-Ghazl depends on whether that analogy is just or not. The French colonial party say that it is true; the English case is that the analogy is false, owing to one fundamental difference. The whole Nile Valley is so essential to Egypt that the Upper Nile must be regarded as the natural hinterland of the Lower Nile, and Egypt cannot allow any foreign power to gain command over it.

This contention is based on geographical considerations. Egyptian dependence on the Nile has been proverbial since the days of Herodotus. Agriculture is possible in Egypt only owing to the periodic floods caused by the rain that falls south of Khartoum. The waters of the Nile are collected in three areas—the Abyssinian highlands, the basin of the Victoria Nyanza, and that "land of rivers," the Bahr-el-Ghazl. The Abyssinian waters join the Nile through the Sobat and the Blue Nile, and they reach Egypt in a flood between July and October. The rainfall of the Nyanza region is collected in the two great lakes, which act as reservoirs, maintaining a perennial flow to the north. The Bahr-el-Ghazl—the Pays de Rivières, as the French call it—also stores up its rains in lakes and swamps; it also therefore keeps up a permanent discharge into the main Nile. Hence, if the Nile were dammed across above the confluence of the Sobat, though its channel in Egypt would be swept by the torrent of Abyssinian waters during the summer, during

the remaining eight months its channel would be as dry as the nullahs of the Libyan wastes.

That it is not impossible to "hold up" the White Nile has been admitted by most of the men who know the country, and by the Egyptian hydraulic engineers. "As if Egypt were tenable if the Soudan were in the hands of the French!" exclaimed Baker in reference to this question. "The savages of the Soudan," wrote Sir Alfred Milner in 1892, "may never themselves possess sufficient engineering skill to play tricks with the Nile, but for all that it is an uncomfortable thought that the regular supply of water by the great river, which is to Egypt not a question of convenience and prosperity, but actually of life, must always be exposed to some risk, as long as the upper reaches of that river are not under Egyptian control. Who can say what might happen, if some day a civilised Power, or a Power commanding civilised skill, were to undertake great engineering works on the Upper Nile, and to divert for the artificial irrigation of that region the water which is essential for the artificial irrigation of Egypt?" [Milner, "England in Egypt," 1892, pp. 197-198.]

That the whole discharge of the White Nile could be stopped by any artificial barrier is improbable; but that a sufficient amount could be diverted to deprive Egypt of the surplus water which is needed for agricultural purposes, is recognised by every geographer who has studied the hydrography of the Nile. All that would be necessary for this purpose would be the occupation of the Bahr-el-Ghazl and of the Nile Valley between the confluences of that tributary and of the Sobat. At Sobat the banks are high; but above that station the Nile traverses a swampy level region, which in the rainy season forms one vast lake. This swamp continues along the Nile for some distance to the south, but its main extension is westward, where it forms most of the province of the Bahr-el-Ghazl. There is no insuperable difficulty in the erection of a weir across the Nile at Sobat, which would raise the water level above that point, and allow a vast amount of water to be diverted for irrigation purposes in the Bahr-el-Ghazl, and in the arid, waterless regions between that province, Darfur, and Kordofan. The barrage across the Nile north of Cairo artificially raises the water level to the height of over twelve feet, and that barrage rests on an unstable foundation of Delta muds. The pressure on the Sobat barrage moreover would be smaller, since in the dry season, when it would be chiefly in operation, the current in the White Nile is often so slow as to be imperceptible. Sometimes when a strong north wind is blowing, the current is actually reversed, the Sobat waters flowing westward into the Bahr-el-Ghazl.

Not only would irrigation works be possible in that region, but it is difficult to imagine a country where they would be so easy and so profitable. The extraordinary fertility of the Bahr-el-Ghazl has excited the wonder of every traveller who has visited that area. Before the country was decimated by Mahdist wars the population was very dense. If civilised rule be re-established there the people will rapidly multiply, and once again that province will form the richest area in the whole Soudan, and become an extensive market for European manufactures. But so long as the people are dependent on the variable rainfall there will always be a danger of famine. Hence a European Power holding the Bahr-el-Ghazl might find it necessary, without any malicious intention of injuring Egypt, to undertake irrigation works, that would inevitably be detrimental and might be fatal to the agricultural industry of Egypt.

"LEWIS CARROLL."

THERE is a tendency in our contented acceptance of a received classic to forget what force of originality it had at the time of its appearance, to forget, that is to say, how largely it appealed to its first readers as an imaginative discovery—a view which perforce gets weakened when a succeeding generation has become infected, as it were, by the fineness of its quality. There is, no doubt, this difference to-day in our appreciation of Lewis Carroll's work, that we accept it with minds less arrested by its novelty than by its familiarity and abounding humour. More than any other English writer Carroll has attracted to himself with equal force

the crabbed age and the youth of his generation. For that, mere cleverness cannot account; to have taken such root, to have become so naturalised, his work must have struck a note of peculiar appropriateness to his day: it was as it were a microbe that fell upon a constitution happily prepared for its inroads. Yet his rendering of fairy-tale was a departure from tradition.

Of all true fairy-tale this may be said: it has never been "written down" to the intelligence of childish readers: rather it has been the meeting-point of interests, the medium through which the child can experience the thrill of big-hearted adventure, and the grown man the romantic sense and undisturbed belief in poetic justice which are the birthright of childhood. For centuries the child has warmed its imagination upon the folk-tales which once gave contentment to its less simple-minded elders, and do still have an interest for them more or less vague. But up to the latter half of this century the workings of a child's mind were of little interest to its elders. Now, however, an astonishing change has come over the dream of mankind; and to-day the child is the grown-up man's fairy-book. Almost by instinct a wise mind stoops to look into that under-world so close at hand, so stored, perhaps, with the wisdom of the ancients; and so a new ground for fairyland has been reclaimed from the prose of existence. To minds still sensitive to chivalry and romance, the old fairy-tale remains true; but a far larger world of believers has been gathered to the imaginative world of childhood, and arrested, almost studiously, to a contemplation of its laws.

It was through this change of outlook, and as almost its first portent, that Lewis Carroll's fairy-books struck the light. Without condescension, without any "putting back of bright intelligence," rather with all the resources of wit and humour, and a sub-pathetic sense of the ridiculous, Carroll, a man of grave reserve and fine intelligence, turned round upon all tradition to find a new fairyland ready-made, fresh-sprung from humanity's new interest in the things of childhood.

The seriousness of his work, and its safety, come from the fact that it is as much fairy-tale for elders as for children; and the highest interest of these two time-divided classes is the interest they have in common. Lewis Carroll's ability to evoke this common interest was the measure of his success; the material for it was his great discovery. This tendency to bring grown-up minds where a little child shall lead them showed a further advance twenty years after "Alice in Wonderland" had appeared, in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse," where, almost too much, it is the elder's mind that is appealed to, and the youngster stands somewhat out of it through being analysed to excess. Yet even that charming failure at combined interests indicates the road along which men's absorption in youth has progressed since then.

It may seem strained, in the face of the mirth-moving spirit of the "Wonderland" and "Looking-glass" tales, to claim for them so much purpose and seriousness; but few can feel that their quaint wit and baffling logic were but the outcome of a mere sense of fun. Wherever there is beauty in human things there must also be pathos, something intent if not wistful; and in many of Carroll's tender extravagances there is beauty of a high order. Take, as an instance, the Fawn that has forgotten its name and accompanies Alice fearlessly till the wood is cleared; then, crying, "I am a fawn, and you—you are a human child!" springs startled away. So, also, the whole episode of the White Knight, of so much wisdom gone foolishly astray, has about it almost the same charm as Millais' "Sir Isumbras," now delighting all who make Burlington House their mild wintry resort. There is satire, too, light and stingless, but satire none the less, conveyed under a cajoling disguise of parody; and some may be able to see in the "aged, aged man a-sitting on a gate" a not distant reference to Wordsworth's "leach-gatherer," and in the figure of the White Knight, with his horse-like face, some likeness to the poet himself.

Lewis Carroll was too much a scholar and a recluse in temperament not to find many things contrary to his taste in the world from which, almost with acerbity, he guarded his private personality; its slipshod speech and illogical ways of thought received many a passing rap

from his wit; and the desire for interrogation and argument which his heroine Alice, charming type of her age, carries to the length of foolishness, gets resolutely put down with a finality which leaves the incorrigible little offender breathless.

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise. "Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time. "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?" "You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter: "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?" "But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse. "Of course they were," said the Dormouse,—"Well in." . . . "And they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M,"—"Why with an M?" said Alice. "Why not?" said the March Hare. Alice was silent.

So, too, every effort she makes to moralise on a situation gets baffled,—

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice, "because, you see, he was a *little* sorry for the poor oysters." "He ate more than the Carpenter, though," said Tweedledee. "You see he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter couldn't count how many he took: contrariwise." "That was mean!" Alice said, indignantly. "Then I like the Carpenter best—if he didn't eat so many as the Walrus." "But he ate as many as he could get," said Tweedledum. This was a puzzler.

Alice, indeed, moves through her wonder-world with much of the modern spirit, which has now and then to be wholesomely repressed. This also is noticeable, that in "Wonderland" to her alone come magic attributes making her alternate from gigantic to microscopic proportions. And, as giant, she fares badly, in the good old way, at the hands of the natives. They, on the other hand, behave like ordinary unreasonable human beings: the positions, therefore, of the traditional fairytale are reversed. But even against her might the moral order of Wonderland stands; and she gets expelled for bad behaviour.

If Wonderland was her school, the Looking-glass world was her college. She enters as a freshman, having learned by now to do without unreasonable habits of growth; but her inquisitiveness is unabated, and her moralisings have positively increased. And so in the end she gets sent down for her moralisings, when she takes the law, and the august person of the Red Queen, into her own hands. And because of her importunacy in the ways of Providence we shall never know what would have happened at that gorgeous feast where the candles went up like sky-rockets, and the guests and the viands changed places.

Is not all this a warning against that spirit of the age which will ask too many meanings, and try to import too much reason into the Edens still marvellously left to us? It seems as if Lewis Carroll was sent to poke fun with unexamined urbanity at the new age which has sprung upon us, and yet, from many grave and tender reasons, to welcome it.

PRETENDING.

SO far as I can I avoid that channel of all that is unloveliest in London, the Strand. Some folk profess a charm in it. Me it has repelled always. Was ever anywhere so monotonous a current of harsh faces as flows there? Anxiety, poverty and bedraggledness on the pavement, and drivers cursing one another in the blocked traffic; hoarse hucksters on the curb, and debauchees lolling before the drinking-bars—the charm of the scene is rather too abstruse for me, I admit. And if the road be as well with mud, and the hoofs of every horse be four muddy fountains; if the day be that most depressing of all days, Saturday, and the hour of that day be five o'clock, when every theatre is vomiting an audience, Heaven help one who does not love the Strand for its own sake. I pressed through the wet mob, and, with a blind instinct for safety, tore myself out of it at a corner that was labelled "Wellington Street." I stood for a moment, composing myself. Then I walked slowly up this way of sanctuary. At the stage-door of the Gaiety Theatre loitered the solitary, melancholy figure of a young man. The figure had been dressed with pathetic care. A crooked stick hung from one arm, and an eyeglass was screwed into

the face. The hat, which was worn at a raffish angle, had evidently been medicated with some oily nostrum. The scarf-pin had been bought from a hosier. The boots had that blue and blotchy surface which means varnish on common leather. In the coat was a cheap bunch of Parma violets. The figure was "seeing life." It belonged not to the gilded youth, but was probably some poor City clerk who had gone by himself, that afternoon, to the pit or perhaps to the upper boxes, and had now, greatly daring, strolled round to regard Lais in mufti. That he knew not Lais, that it was a damp afternoon, that he was going to have a frugal tea at the Aerated Bread Shop, that he would never take any true part in the joys which were his aspiration—these things mattered little to the tragic ass before me. He was persuading himself, for a brief span, that his was a career of brilliant profligacy. He was "making believe." He was quite happy. Insomuch that, until two of the emerging girls looked at him, nudged each other, and did a contemptuous titter which caused him to walk quickly away, crimson with humiliation, I was rather envious of him. As I watched his retreating figure, I reflected that there is in every fool's paradise an undergrowth of real brambles, and that it is well to be on the side of the angels who stand discreetly without, whilst others rush in quite regardless of their feet. How much better for that young man, had he been content to be, without masquerade, simply himself; content to take the humble pleasures of his own class, without pretending to those pleasures which are meant for men of "luckier birth!" In such aspiration the Friend of Man may discern something fine, some earnest of equality to come. But, as a matter of fact, class-encroachment, as practised in this country, will bring us no nearer to Socialism; indeed, it can but strengthen the barriers of class. In England, the poor want to live like the rich. When they shall want the rich to share their poverty, then there may be some possible danger of a Millennium. If he would have his ideas realised, the Socialist must first kill the Snob. As yet, he has not even challenged him. When he does, I shall back the Snob to beat him. I shall be willing to lay very, very long odds.

Perhaps, when I analysed the conduct of the young man at the stage-door, I was wrong in using the word "make-believe." Perhaps "make-others-believe" would have been better. We pretend in order that we may impress others, not ourselves, and our pleasure is proportionate to our success in making others believe us to be something finer than we are. We grudge no time that is wasted, no convenience that is sacrificed to that end. Gregarious animals, we are gluttons for effect, and the pains we take to produce effect are the chief tragedy of our existence. Not long ago, in the high-street of a small suburb, I saw a symbol that was even more tragic than the symbolic young man at the stage-door. I saw a bow-window through which a bust of Minerva gazed down at me. Minerva's back had been turned upon the inmates of the room, not in Divine discourtesy, but by the very inmates. Imagine the back view of a bust! I need not enlarge upon this curious sight. All of us, in our several ways, avert Minerva's head, not, I fear, from any consideration for a wise goddess, nor with any wish to spread wisdom among our neighbours. We do but want to be envied, and for envy we will pay any price. To enjoy, simply, the things that are ours, is a philosophy beyond us. We value them not, save as material for false display, for deception. Be sure that the inmates of the room in the high-street knew nothing of Minerva, that they had made their purchase merely from the vague love of a genteel culture which was not theirs. For what is ours by natural right we care nothing.

In our code possession is nine points of ennui, and we delight only in things alien to us. Our young men ape the wisdom and weariness of eld, whilst eld would fain dance, with stiff limbs, to the joyous and silly tunes of adolescence. What we have not, we simulate; and of what we have, we are heartily ashamed. We pull long faces to hide our mirth, and grin when we are most wretched. We are all of us, always, in everything, straining after contraries. Cicero plumed himself on his poor statesmanship, and Congreve was

humiliated because Voltaire treated him as a writer rather than as a gentleman, and Gustave Doré, contemptuous of his true gifts, broke his heart in the vain ambition to be a painter. Philosophers make ghastly efforts to be frivolous, and—but I will leave the reader of this essay to complete my antithesis.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE DREYFUS CASE AND THE ENGLISH PRESS.

THAT the majority of Frenchmen should firmly believe the monstrous suggestion that the English press, almost *en bloc*, has been bribed by the Dreyfus syndicate can hardly surprise those who, knowing the facts of the case, have followed the reports of and comments on the recent developments of the Affaire Dreyfus in the London papers. Can't we be accustomed to on this side of the Channel—it is the life-breath of much British journalism—and nobody was surprised that the hideous turpitude of Major Esterhazy's solitary breach of the seventh commandment should have aroused the indignation of Fleet Street. But, in England, we are also accustomed to some show of justice, some pretence of fair play, and these are considerations which have been put aside ruthlessly by most of the gentlemen who, during the last fortnight, have written about Major Esterhazy.

The Paris correspondents, for the most part, had every excuse for their initial error, however incomprehensible their present attitude must appear. More than three years had elapsed since the conviction of Dreyfus, and the circumstances attending this conviction had slipped from the memory of most people. In the meanwhile not one opportunity of kindling doubt in the public mind had been neglected by the friends of the convict. Next came the announcement that Monsieur Scheurer-Kestner—till then one of the most highly respected men in France—had the certain proof of Dreyfus's innocence: there followed the public indictment of Major Esterhazy, and the unscrupulous campaign in certain papers against this unfortunate man. Letters attributed to him, though since proved to be forgeries in their essential passages, were published in "Le Figaro." I admit they were of such a nature as to arouse some suspicions not indeed of Dreyfus's innocence. Where the correspondents began to be at fault, and that seriously, was on the last day of last year, when Major Ravary's report, exonerating Major Esterhazy, was handed in to General Saussier. By seven o'clock on the evening of that day, Maître Tézenas, Esterhazy's counsel, was ready to inform any one who cared to inquire that the report was before the Governor, and that its conclusion was that there was no case against Esterhazy. I was present—at the hour mentioned—when this news was telephoned from Maître Tézenas's private address, by the barrister himself, to the office of the correspondent of an American paper, at whose suggestion a French journalist, who was also present, communicated it to the "Courrier du Soir." The "Courrier du Soir" published it at nine o'clock. Yet the London papers of 1 January will be searched in vain for a piece of news which was the beginning of the rehabilitation of a cruelly injured man. Similar acts of partisanship have distinguished the Paris correspondence of most of the London papers ever since. I am not aware that any paper published even in "résumé" the brilliant testimonials regarding Esterhazy's character and services as an officer which were read out at his court-martial. What reader of the English newspapers knows of Major Esterhazy, that he was certified

by his *Chef de Corps* to be

"a most distinguished and most capable superior officer, who serves with absolute devotion:"

by his *Général de Brigade* to be

"an excellent 'chef de bataillon,' whose conduct and service leave nothing to be desired:"

by his *Général de Division* (who recommends him for promotion in the Legion of Honour) to be

"a superior officer of the very highest distinction by his education, his personal value . . . his very fine military services (eight campaigns, citations, &c.)?"

What English reader knows that after the Court-martial was finished, neither General Luxer nor one

of the six other officers would leave the building until they had shaken hands with the man on whom they had sat in judgment?

The only explanation that Fleet Street in London and Paris can find for his acquittal is that the seven officers and men of honour who tried him are scoundrels. The truth is that, having blundered badly from the first, these English journalists prefer to act with gross injustice rather than write themselves down mistaken.

They describe the Esterhazy Court-martial as a judicial farce. With what right? The two men, Matthieu Dreyfus and Scheurer-Kestner, who had accused the prisoner, gave their evidence in public, and what did it amount to? Nothing. A more lamentable collapse of the prosecution was never witnessed in a court of justice. Major Esterhazy was examined in public, and gave satisfactory answers to every question put to him. His acquittal was one which was deemed right and just by the entire population of France, with the exception of a few English newspaper correspondents, the active members of the Dreyfus syndicate and M. Emile Zola.

In basing their further campaign against Major Esterhazy on the letter written by Emile Zola in the "Aurore" newspaper, English journalists are only aggravating their initial blunder. It does not seem to have occurred to any one of them that if M. Zola had possessed such proofs of Esterhazy's guilt as could warrant such terrible charges against the heads of the French Army, he would have produced them at the Court-martial and not have waited till the acquittal. The only evidence which M. Zola will produce will be that of experts who differ from the experts heard at the Dreyfus and Esterhazy Court-martials: who hold that the "bordereau" was written not by Dreyfus but by Esterhazy, and who can suggest a plausible reason why Esterhazy, wishing to write a document in his own handwriting, should select tracing-paper for that purpose. And what then? That will not alter the fact that Dreyfus was convicted by the evidence of twenty-three brother officers on twenty separate charges, by the unanimous verdict of seven officers, every one of whom would have given his epaulettes to be able to acquit him and to save the French Army from shame and disgrace. It will not alter the fact that the confession, to which M. Cavaignac, former Minister of War, alluded in his letter to Madame Dreyfus, is in the hands of General Billot.

In the whole of this melancholy business there is nothing to be more deeply lamented than this act of Emile Zola's. It has filled his friends with consternation; it has pleased only the enemies of France. His conviction is sincere, and in so far his conduct is to be admired. But he has committed what the French will consider an unpardonable sin. I know how people were speaking of him in Paris when he had only written the first two articles on the Dreyfus case which appeared in the "Figaro." I hear how they are speaking of him now; his friends are actually pleading a fit of temporary insanity. For myself I attribute his imprudence to the effects of an irritation which has been growing steadily in intensity ever since he wrote the first article—a eulogy of Scheurer-Kestner—on the Dreyfus case. Since then not a day has passed on which he has not been insulted and ridiculed almost beyond the limits of human endurance. Already at the beginning of December he was in a state of great exasperation. "Il est furieux contre tout le monde" was the report given me by a friend at whose house he had dined on the day previous to my visit. At Daudet's funeral he was publicly insulted. Rochefort ridiculed him. Drumont abused him day after day. I saw him at his house on several occasions during December, and gathered from his remarks his absolute assurance that the result of the Esterhazy Court-martial would be the entire justification of his attitude. Then came the Court-martial and the pitiful collapse of Scheurer-Kestner and of the whole case against the Major. The sequel explains itself, when one remembers what Zola's position has been in France.

He stands quite alone. Not a newspaper in France, beyond the two or three papers financed by the Dreyfus syndicate, supports him. As for the French public

his attitude is universally condemned, even by those who protest against the secrecy of the Dreyfus trial. It is absolutely untrue that France is divided into two camps on this question, just as it is absolutely untrue that there is any appreciable proportion of the French population which believes in Dreyfus's innocence. I was surprised, when I went over to Paris in November to investigate the Dreyfus case, to find such unanimity of opinion. The only partisans of Dreyfus whom I could discover apart from Emile Zola and Scheurer-Kestner were those whose interest it was to be so.

As for the "Daily Chronicle," the partisanship of its editor for Alfred Dreyfus should not blind him to geographical facts. He is fond of speaking of the Devil's Island as a "pestilential spot." It is nothing of the sort. This is what Henri Chabanne, known as "Nivernais Noble Cœur," who was a prisoner there in 1856, wrote of it: "J'y éprouvai tant de douces émotions, que j'ai dit cent fois que c'était le futur paradis du monde!"

ROBERT SHERARD.

CONCERNING ENGLISH MUSICIANS.

ON Saturday afternoon last, Mr. Wood's concerts reopened brilliantly in Queen's Hall. After the terrible dearth of music we have endured lately they come like rain on the thirsty land, or rather, like a burst of delicious warm southern sunshine in this grey cold northern purgatory of fog and smoke. Of course a state of complete and steadfast satisfaction is beyond the attainment of mortals living in London with its unmusical crowds of concert-goers and its scores of sordid pedants. It is perfectly certain that in a few weeks every one will be crying out about the rush of concerts. Every one complained about it a few weeks ago; and then as soon as it ceased they asked in injured tones why it did not continue. For the present, however, every one seems glad of what is not precisely a rush—for one swallow does not make a summer—glad at least of the one swallow that foretells the summer, even if the summer is to bring the rush. Queen's Hall was more crowded last Saturday afternoon than it has been for many months past, and the crowd was far more enthusiastic. The enthusiasm showed that at least a large number present were overjoyed at once more hearing something better than that tiresome work "Elijah" well done or that mighty masterwork "The Messiah" ill done; though it is only fair to note that perhaps the largeness of the number was perhaps due to the reduction in prices which Mr. Newman has very sensibly made. This is one of the most useful and, at the same time, the most significant things done in connexion with concert-giving for some time. At last there is reason to hope that the day of the expensive concert is nearly over. It is in the very nature of things that music, especially modern music, like the drama, should rely entirely on democratic support. The painter requires only a few rich men who will buy his pictures; the poet requires to sell only a couple of thousand copies of a volume of poems to make quite a handsome success—if each of the audience on Saturday had bought a copy of Mr. Stephen Phillip's latest volume both Mr. Phillips and Mr. John Lane would have chortled and thought they had done very well indeed. For neither poet nor painter needs the services of that parasite the interpretative artist, who generally takes a much larger share of the profits than the creative artist ever gets. Until the interpretative artist's fees are limited as the labourer's wages used to be limited, by special Act of Parliament, no concerts can ever pay, not to mention that the composers will never be able to live by their art, without the backing of the great stodgy bourgeoisie of this country. Now, until lately, all concert-givers have refused to recognise this vital truth; they have steadily, like a ring in petroleum or coal, combined to keep prices up. The first consequence was that no one went to concerts; the second, that at last the public got the greater part of its music for nothing; for unfortunate pianists, violinists, singers, wanting fame, and fortunate piano-manufacturers, wanting their wares advertised, learnt to meet the difficulty of getting an audience for recitals and concerts at the regulation price by the most ingenious dodge of printing that price on their tickets and giving away

the tickets gratis to whomsoever would come and be bored for an hour or so. It is true that a few concerts have been genuine and unpapered—the Richter, for example, and the Mottl concerts. But these were exceptions: they relied on the support of a special clientèle who would pay almost any price to hear their favourites; and the genuine ordinary concert has been slowly dropping out of existence while its place has been taken by the bogus concert, given to advertise players, singers or piano-manufacturers. If Mr. Newman's new move is successful, if the public seizes the opportunity of hearing some of the finest orchestral playing in the world at prices that can only be called preposterously cheap, and if other concert-givers are only bold enough to try the experiment—low prices and no gratis tickets—we shall soon see the death of the old order of things. Even in England people have certain prepossessions and prejudices with regard to music; and a man who would rather hear for nothing some one he did not greatly care for than pay half-a-guinea to hear some one he liked, would certainly not hesitate for five seconds to hear the same one he liked if instead of paying ten-and-six the sum asked was a couple of shillings or so. Certain concerts, such as those I have mentioned, must always, I fear, remain rather expensive; they are luxuries and cannot be done for less than they already cost the entrepreneur; and those who, like myself, want luxuries must be resigned to see other people pay for them while we meekly take our own free press tickets. But the average concert must come down in price if concert-giving is not to cease altogether. And the opera must come down in price too, if it is to be real opera and not merely a game for the amusement of Lady de Grey's friends. Fancy paying a guinea to hear "Faust" when, having got to Bayreuth, you can hear "Siegfried" for a pound, or having got to Munich, for a few shillings! And if ever the prices of opera and concerts do come down we shall have Mr. Newman to thank for it. I hope the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts may pay handsomely. If they do not, other methods might be tried. For instance, smoking might be allowed and even moderate drinking. I do not think any more violent plan would succeed in the present state of public feeling. It would be a mistake to induce rich men to come by misrepresenting Queen's Hall as a gambling den or a branch of the Stock Exchange, and then, by means of a properly trained staff, to rob them for benefit of the house. That is allowed nowhere else than in the Stock Exchange and in gambling dens.

There is one other way of making the concerts pay, and I trust Mr. Newman may not adopt it: it is that of cutting down the time allowed for rehearsal. That is killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. If Mr. Newman's concerts are to hold their own, the playing must not fall short of the Mottl, or Richter, or Lamoureux merely for lack of rehearsal. If once any slovenliness sets in, the concerts will soon be reckoned little better than the Philharmonic. At present, it is only just I should say there is no sign of slovenliness. Mr. Wood has never played the pathetic symphony of Tschaikowsky more beautifully than on Saturday, though I objected to the rather rapid pace and forced expression of the wonderful second movement; and such portions as I heard of a dull suite by one Halvorsen, an imitator of Grieg—fancy imitating kitten-like little Grieg!—were smoothly handled, which was the best that could be done. Next Saturday the programme is rather less interesting than usual; but that for 29 January is quite gorgeous, including as it does the Borodine Symphony in B minor, and that for 5 February includes three dances by the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Wood is indeed honoured.

It was unfortunate that the Incorporated Society of Musicians should have gathered together in solemn conference in the Cecil Hotel at just the time of year when least music can be heard in London. Unfortunate for two reasons; first, because there is a cruel and wholly unfounded rumour floating around that it is a sine qua non of membership of the Incorporated Society of Musicians that you shall not be a musician, and shall merely deal in music lessons as a grocer deals in tea and sugar; and second, because it might have done our friends from the country some good, have cured them of

some of their illusions, had circumstances permitted them to discover that the musicians of London—the official musicians, the Academics—rarely so far forget themselves as to attend a concert. If they do, they talk to their friends: I have even heard of one who talked to his solicitor while a new overture of his was being played for the first time. I should have liked the Incorporated individuals to have noted these truths. However, if they missed them, they were very busily engaged in showing the world, or such part of the world as chose to listen, how much they cared for music, in what aspects of music they took the faintest shadow of an interest. Not to be too hard on the younger incorporated ones, it is right to say that they are hopelessly bossed by the officials, and would not be allowed their say even if they had one and wanted to say it. They are carefully instructed that they must adore and study the works of our “leading musicians,” that not “one half of the new work heard within the last twenty years would have come to light at all if it had not been for the fostering care of the provincial musical festivals,” that “increasing difficulty will be felt yearly in the exercise of our profession, owing to the very large number of young and capable musicians who are constantly being added to our ranks,” that “I should like to express how valuable I regard a university degree, particularly for a young man.” Which stuff only means that the incorporated ones regard music merely as a trade. Else why should they be afraid of their increasing numbers?—surely the more the merrier in true art. Why should they want degrees?—degrees help no one to play or compose any better. Why should they be glad of the “new work” brought forth by the provincial festivals?—the festivals seldom fetch forth anything good as well as new. However, the younger men take it all in; they spend their money on getting degrees; they spend it on going to the festivals and on the works of the “leading men”—the men who are leading the way to musical perdition, I suppose; and they are what they are—the dullest set of raw, unread, uncultivated, unwashed grocers’ assistants that ever wore their hair long and greasy, and thought the attainment of a doctor’s hood and a selection of the alphabet after their names the dizziest height of human ambition. When one reads the lectures delivered at this last conference, and reflects that in the hands of these men is the teaching of the rising generations, one begins to understand why we are not a musical nation, why we are laughed at and beaten by the most mediocre of Continental talents. A gentleman named Doctor Frank Sawyer gaily enunciated the most brilliant platitudes, and Mr. W. H. Cummings as gaily said “Dr. Sawyer’s paper was a splendidly logical, well-thought-out paper.” A Mr. George Langley showed how if Wagner had wanted to express something different in certain passages from “Lohengrin,” he would have written them differently. A Dr. Iliffe read a paper on Bach’s “Forty-eight,” and asked why Bach answered this theme thus, and this other theme differently, and quoted from a book which it appears he (Dr. Iliffe) has written on the subject; but he never so much as referred to one of the preludes or the fugues from the æsthetic or emotional point of view. From the beginning to the end, the incorporated ones talked of technique, and not the later technique of Wagner, Brahms, and Tchaikowsky, but the obsolete technique of Bach, a technique which, being adapted only to forms of art which have been worked out to their farthest limits, can never be used again. Not in the course of the whole conference was an original thought uttered, not a word to imply that music was anything more than a trade, or at the very best an antiquarian study. Even in their amusements the doctors and bachelors and fellows could not be original—they found in a toy symphony, a game as old at least as Haydn, an endless source of laughter. Even Sir John Stainer, an excellent gentleman who has no business in that gallery, talked to the young men in a quite commercial way; though he added some—what I hope he will forgive me calling—sanctimonious remarks about Art in a way that reminded me of the South African slave-owners who notch their little nigger boys in a fleshy part to save the expense and trouble of branding, and afterwards want liquor laws to the end that these same little

nigger boys may be raised to a higher ethical plane. It is deplorable. For my part I should recommend the younger gentry, after they have washed the pomatum out of their hair, to begin the cultivation of a little ordinary intelligence—to read a few books, to look carefully at life and see whether there is nothing better to be done with it than to gain degrees and earn a livelihood by teaching other people to gain degrees. By the time they have developed as much intellect as an antelope it will doubtless occur to them that something more than the rudiments of counterpoint—all that are necessary for a university degree—and a desire to earn a living are indispensable to the man who means to become a musician. There are other things—the poetic as well as the absolute musical temperament, noble and vivid imagination, emotional power—which they have never as yet thought of. When they begin to realise this they will at least know whether they are fitted by nature to be musicians; and some of them may have the sense to think that as they are not fitted they had better leave music to those who are. They would also realise that just as in the matter of general education they are two thousand years behind the average literary man, so in the matter of musical technique they are at least one hundred and fifty years behind the average German musician.

Unfortunately I have no space this week to talk about Mr. Vernon Blackburn’s forthcoming book, “The Fringe of an Art: Appreciations in Music,” which the Unicorn Press will issue shortly. It consists largely of reprints of Mr. Blackburn’s very excellent articles in the “Pall Mall Gazette,” and should be read by every one. I look forward to reading it with considerable perturbation; for though Mr. Blackburn and myself have fought the Philistines and Academics side by side, in times of peace we have kept our hands in by using our tomahawks on each other; and I dread lest my scalp may be found in one of his chapters.

J. F. R.

CHURCH AND STAGE.

“The Conversion of England.” An Ecclesiastical Drama in two scenes. By the Rev. Henry Cresswell. Performed in the Great Hall of the Church House, Westminster, 13 January, 1898.

IT has come at last. Again and again in these columns I have warned the managers—or rather the syndicates: a manager nowadays is only the man in possession—that they would be supplanted by the parsons if they did not take their business a little more seriously. I meant no more by this than that the modern church, with its attractive musical services carefully advertised in the hall of the local hotel side by side with the pantomimes, would finally be discovered by the playgoer as a much pleasanter, cheaper, wholesomer, restfuller, more recreative place to spend a couple of hours in than a theatre. But now the parson has carried the war into the enemy’s country. He has dramatised the lessons of the Church, and is acting them with scenery, costumes, limelight, music, processions, and everything complete in Church House great halls which hold £200 easily. Not that he charges for admission: such worldliness is as far from him as from the Independent Theatre when it performs Ibsen’s “Ghosts.” But just as the Independent Theatre encourages the New Drama by inviting those who subscribe to it to witness “Ghosts”; so the charitable persons who subscribe to the Waifs and Strays Society, to the building of St. Peter’s Church, South Tottenham, or the parish of St. Ann, South Lambeth, receive, to their surprise and delight, a reserved seat or seats for the performance of “The Conversion of England,” in positions which, by a remarkable coincidence, are spectatorially favourable in proportion to the number of half-sovereigns, crowns, or half-crowns contained in the subscription. And the view is not obstructed by matinée hats; for before the performance a clergyman, clad with the whole authority of the Church of England, steps before the curtain and orders those hats to come off. What is more, they actually do come off, except in those desperate cases in which the hat and the hair, all in one piece, are equally foreign to the wearer. There is no band to play the overture to “Mireille” and Mr. German’s Lyceum

dances for the 735th time: instead, the choir sings, a hymn; and the audience may stand up and join in it if it likes. Further, the scenery consists of pictures, with all the capacity of pictures for beauty and poetry. Unroll one painted cloth and you are in Rome: unroll another and you are in Britain. This may seem a small matter to people who have no eye for pictures, and who love nothing better than a built-in stage drawing-room full of unquestionable carpets and curtains and furniture from Hampton's and Maple's, not to mention a Swan & Edgar windowful of costumes. But if these worthy people only knew how much of the dullness and monotony of modern fashionable drama is produced by the fact that on the stage nowadays "three removes are as bad as a fire," and how much livelier the old adventurous plays, with a change of scene every ten minutes, were than the modern drama chained for forty-five minutes at a time to the impedimenta of "Jack Hinton's Rooms in Whitehall Court" and the like, they would understand what a formidable rival the miracle play in ten short scenes may prove to fixture plays in three long ones by any but the ablest hands.

There is another point on which, in the present excited state of public feeling on the question of actors' morals, I touch with trembling. To say that the clergymen who enact the miracle plays speak better than actors is nothing; for at present all the professions and most of the trades can make the same boast. But the difference is something more than a technical one. The tone of a man's voice is the tone of his life. The average clergyman's utterance betrays his ignorance, his conceit, his class narrowness, his snobbery, and his conception of religion as an official authorisation of all these offences so unmistakably that in a lawless community he would be shot at sound as a mad dog is shot at sight. But the clergymen who are coming into the field against the managers are not average clergymen. "The Conversion of England" on their playbills means something more than the title of an entertainment; and that something is not the conversion of England's follies and vices into box-office returns. At the Westminster performance last Saturday the actors spoke as men speak in the presence of greater matters than their own personal success. You may go to the theatre for months without hearing that particular dramatic effect. The men who can make it will finally play the men who cannot make it off the stage, in spite of the hankering of the public after the vulgarities which keep its own worst qualities in countenance. I should add, by the way, that the applause which our actors declare they cannot do without was excommunicated in the Church House like the hats, and that the effect on the performance was highly beneficial.

As to Mr. Cresswell's drama, I cannot speak with any confidence. I came to it from a round of duties which included such works as "Never Again" at the Vaudeville; so that the mere force of contrast made it perfectly enthralling to me. When the British Bishop, objecting to the Roman missionaries, exclaimed "The whole world is heretic! There is no knowledge of the truth anywhere except at Bangor," I shrieked with laughter. No doubt it was not a first-class joke; but after the dreary equivoques of the farcical comedians it was as manna in the wilderness. Indeed, I suspect Mr. Cresswell of being more of a humorist than he pretends. I dare not flatly assert that his sketch of Bertha, the Christian Queen of Kent, is a lively caricature of some Mrs. Proudie who oppressed him in his early curacies; but I will quote a sample of the lady and leave my readers to draw their own conclusions. Sebba, the priest of Woden ("pagan, I regret to say," as Mr. Pecksniff observed) tells the pious princess that the gods have declared a certain fact by an oracle. Here is her reply, to be delivered, according to the stage direction, with an incredulous smile. "Ah!—your gods, Sebba! They must be very clever gods to be able to tell you what they do not know themselves. [Aside] I scarcely dare to interfere. These people are so attached to their superstitions. Poor souls, they know no better!"

"The Conversion of England" evades Censorship by not taking money at the doors. Otherwise the Lord Chamberlain would probably suppress it, unless Mr.

Cresswell consented to cut out the religious passages, and assimilate the rest to "Gentleman Joe" and "Dandy Dan."

The controversy about the morality of the stage has been stabbed stone dead by an epigram. Mr. Buchanan's "Thousands of virtuous women on the stage, and only six actresses!" is so irresistible that it is exceedingly difficult to say anything more without anti-climax. Nevertheless there are one or two points that had better be clearly understood. First, that there has been no genuine moral discussion. In England there never is. Our habit of flooding the newspapers with prurient paragraphs about women, whether actresses or duchesses matters not a rap, is not a habit of threshing out moral questions. But even on this trivial ground Mr. Clement Scott's position remains entirely unshaken. He made his charge in terms of the perfectly well-understood marriage morality on which, to cite a leading case, Parnell was driven out of public life and a great political combination wrecked. The theatrical profession may profess that morality or it may repudiate it. When Ibsen, following the footsteps of the great hierarchy of illustrious teachers who have made war on it, attacked it with intense bitterness in "Ghosts," those who supported him were vilified in terms compared to which Mr. Clement Scott's strictures are enthusiastic eulogies. The issue between natural human morality and the mechanical character tests of Mr. Stead was then vehemently raised in the theatrical world by Mr. Scott himself. Its leaders, I am sorry to say, ranged themselves on the side of Mr. Stead with sanctimonious promptitude. The rod they helped to pickle then, and which they laid so zealously on Ibsen's back, has now been laid on their own; and I should be more than human if I did not chuckle at their shrieks of splendid silence. Mr. Buchanan, whilst chivalrously refusing to join in the cowardly rush which has been made at Mr. Scott under the very mistaken impression that he is down, declares that a profession that can boast such names as those of—he mentions six leading actors and actresses—should surely disdain to defend itself against Mr. Scott's charges. As to that, I beg to point out remorselessly that at least three out of the six are artists whose characters on the point at issue must notoriously stand or fall with that of Parnell, and that these very three are the most admired, the most respected, the most unshamed and unashamed, the most publicly and privately honoured members of their profession. What should we think of them if they were to burst into frenzied accusations of falsehood and calumny against Mr. Scott, and exculpatory asseverations of their own perfect conformity to Mr. Stead's ideal? They would at once put themselves in the wrong, not only from the point of view of Mr. Stead and of a devout Roman Catholic critic bound by his Church to regard even the marriage of divorced persons as a deadly sin, but from any point of view that discountenances flagrant and cowardly hypocrisy. The gentlemen who are just now so busily claiming Mr. Stead's certificate of "purity" for our most esteemed English actresses had better ask those ladies first whether they would accept it if it were offered to them.

Do not let it be supposed, however, that the hypocrisy is all on one side. I have before me a pile of press cuttings from such papers as "Great Thoughts," the "Christian Commonwealth," the "Christian Million," and the "British Weekly," from which I learn that I am held to have testified, with Mr. Clement Scott, that the theatre is so evil a place and its professors so evil a people, that "so long as women are exposed to such temptations and perils as Mr. Clement Scott describes, no man who reverences woman as Christ revered her can possibly support the stage." These are the words of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes. I am sorry we have led Mr. Hughes to deceive himself in this matter. The only authority I have at hand as to Christ's view of the subject is the Bible; and I do not find there that in his reverence for humanity he drew Mr. Stead's line at publicans or sinners, or accepted the marriage laws of his time as having any moral authority. Indeed, I gather that his object was to discredit legal tests of conduct, and that he would not have objected to go to the theatre on Sunday with Mary Magdalene if Jerusalem had been Paris. However, I will not rest my case on these pious

claptraps. Mr. Price Hughes knows as well as I do that women are employed in the manufacture of sacred books on terms which make the prostitution of a certain percentage of them virtually compulsory. He knows that no actress is trampled into the gin-sodden degradation of the wretched laundresses who provide the whited walls of starched shirt that make his congregation look so respectable on Sunday. He knows that many a church and chapel in this country would fall into ruin without the conscience money of traders who pay girls from five to seven shillings a week to exhaust in their shops and factories the strength nourished on the contributions of their sweethearts. And he ought to know that the stage, of which neither I nor Mr. Clement Scott has said the worst, is nevertheless, from the point of view of the consideration shown to women on it, and the wages paid to them, much more worthy of his support than any other commercially supported English institution whatsoever, the Methodist churches not excepted. And so, reverend gentlemen, do not give sceptical persons like myself occasion to scoff by an outburst of Pharisaism. Never mind the mote in the actor's eye: you will find plenty of beams behind the spectacles of your own congregations.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE was but little business transacted in the Stock Markets. Consols eased off slightly. During the first two days the market for Foreign Government stocks was favourably affected by the likelihood of England coming to terms with China regarding a loan of £12,000,000, but the opposition of Russia to the scheme saddened the tone somewhat on Wednesday and Thursday morning. Home Rails merely followed the influence of the various dividend announcements to which reference is made below. Yankees wobbled about, having for the most part followed Wall Street with lamb-like meekness. Canadian Pacifics and Trunk Rails continued to go ahead. Mining shares were quiet and uninteresting.

One of the most interesting railway dividends is that of the Great Eastern Company. About six months ago attention was drawn in this column to the praiseworthy policy adopted by the management of that Company. Handicapped by many disadvantages, or rather by the absence of advantages possessed by the other big railway companies, the directors of the Great Eastern have managed to combine a broad-minded, generous, and go-ahead policy with an increasing dividend. In considering the difficulties with which the directors have had to contend, there must be borne in mind the country through which the line passes, and the absence of those large towns and industrial centres which go so far to aid the prosperity of the other heavy lines.

When the announcement at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum was made, Great Eastern stock fell sharply, and there seems to be a disposition to a further decline. This is only what was anticipated by sensible and level-headed believers in the future of the Company. Absurd estimates had been indulged in by interested optimists, and the price of the stock stood, and in our opinion stands now, at somewhat too high a figure in comparison with the other leading railway stocks. Admirers though we may be of the Great Eastern management, we have to recognise the slow, uphill character of the work. By the declaration at the rate of 5 per cent. for the last half-year, the dividend for 1897 is at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the yield, at the price of 122, a little over £2 17s.

The Metropolitan Railway dividend, which was declared on Wednesday, aroused but little interest. The announcement was at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. higher than that for the last half of 1896. $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was declared on the surplus fund, which shows an increase of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. as compared with 1896. £3186 more was brought into the account, so that the increase of £2870 in the amount carried forward, £17,000, was more than accounted for. When the announcement was made there was a slight set back in the price of Metropolitan stock, due

to "bull" sales, and not in any way traceable to a feeling of disappointment. On the contrary, the market was well satisfied with the statement.

When the Dover Railway dividend was declared at the rate of $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. with a balance forward of £4000, South Eastern Deferred Stock promptly responded with an advance. The statement compares with $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. and £5520 forward for the last half of 1896. That is to say the market is well pleased with an increase of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in the dividend on the ordinary stock although there is a reduction of £1500 in the balance forward.

But there were a few prophets who had hoped for a better declaration, and when the figures available are examined it does seem that they had considerable reason on their side. The sum representing the difference between the dividend a year ago and that just declared is £12,544. Taking into consideration the less amount carried forward and allowing for the less amount brought forward from last half year as compared with the half year ended June, 1896, also allowing for increased capital charges, the net gain required to pay the extra $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. declared by the directors should be considerably under £20,000. But the gross increase of the Company's receipts during the last half of 1897 as compared with the corresponding period in 1896 was £60,400. The difference between £20,000 and £60,400 is so considerable as to justify those who had anticipated a higher dividend in looking on the expenditure during the last half year as large beyond reason.

The period of growing prosperity on which Canada has entered is reflected in the traffics of the railways. The traffics of the Canadian Pacific continue uniformly good; but the increases on the Grand Trunk System are even more remarkable. These increases, which continue to expand steadily, are, of course, not solely the outcome of the prosperity of the country. Since Mr. Hays, the present manager, came from the Wabash to the Grand Trunk, a progressive reduction of expenses has gone on, a reduction which the wastefulness and incompetency of the old régime made possible, without in any way starving the line. During the past year the profits have sufficed to wipe out the debt accumulated by the payments of interest on the 4 per cent. debentures when under the old management the line was run at a loss. With the present year the net profits will be available for dividend on the Guaranteed and the various Preference Stocks according to priority.

By a recent traffic arrangement with the Wabash, his old line, Mr. Hays has secured an additional income of about £50,000 a year to the Grand Trunk, and if the traffics for 1898 remain the same as those for 1897, the Guaranteed will be assured of their full dividend of 4 per cent., and the First Preference 5 per cent. Stock would get $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

About £80,000 additional traffic is required to pay the First Preference 5 per cents. in full. £125,000 additional would pay the Second Preference 5 per cent. stock in full. That is to say, about £4100 average nett weekly increase would pay the Second Preference as well as the First in full. But the first two traffics of the year 1898 have amounted to an average of almost £15,000 increase weekly. Were this average maintained, the Third Preference shareholders might hope to be paid in full. But let us make a more conservative estimate, and, supposing the average increase to be nearly one-half of the present average, £7000 instead of £15,000, there would still be sufficient to pay the Seconds in full, with something over for the Thirds.

Here we have the anomaly of a 5 per cent. stock in a great Colonial railway at present earning an increase of double what is required to pay the dividend in full, standing at 47, an anomaly which the public are likely to remove when they have grasped the situation. The prospects of the line are in many ways better than we have shown. For instance, in the inner circles in Canada it is well known that the General Manager claims

that he will be ultimately able to make a permanent reduction in the rate of working expenses to 65 per cent. of the gross on the combined system. Last year's rate was over 69 per cent., and this fresh reduction on a gross take of £5,000,000 would mean £200,000 additional profit. Mr. Hays, the general manager, is a genius in his special work, and his success, which has in a single year improved the property of the Grand Trunk shareholders to the tune of several millions, is an illustration of the fact that the capable directing brain is worth far more than it is paid—that, in other words, brainwork is worse paid than manual labour. Judged by results, Mr. Hays would have been a very cheap acquisition for the Grand Trunk shareholders had his salary been fixed at ten times its actual amount. Certainly his accomplished work deserves the fullest publicity.

The earnings of the Canadian Pacific Line reflect, like the Grand Trunk, the recent great improvement in the trade of the Dominion. The traffic increases for the past year amount to the total of nearly three-and-a-half million dollars, and although the actual nett profit is not yet declared, we know that inside Canadian opinion puts down the nett earnings for the past year as over 6 per cent. We venture to forecast the dividend which is to be declared at the end of February as $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the half year, making 5 per cent. for the year and with a large amount carried over. If our forecast is correct what should the price of Canadas be? They are now 91; but the market expects $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. making 4 per cent. for the year. Compare their position with the position of Illinois Central—which pays 5 per cent. and earns over 6 per cent.; and stands at 109. There is no reason why Canadian Pacifics should not stand at about the same price. Moreover, the prosperity of the Canadian Pacific in 1897 will be exceeded by the prospects for the year 1898. The increases in the first weeks of the new year continue at the rate of 75,000 to 85,000 dollars a week. But in February the rush to Vancouver for Klondyke will begin, and the Canadian Pacific will carry the bulk of the traffic. That the rush will be like the rush to California or to Ballarat in the old days of the gold fever is more than probable, for preparations on an immense scale have already been made not only in Canada but in New York and other great American cities. Again, there is the new Canadian Pacific Line over the Crow's Nest Pass which will tap the goldfields of British Columbia and secure the traffic of a region which merely requires capital for the development of immense mineral resources. The 5 per cent. dividend for 1897 is, we believe, assured, but for 1898 the question will be how much more than 5 per cent. the line will show and pay.

It is impossible to ignore the growing interest that Mexican Railway Stocks have aroused during the past two or three weeks. That the price of silver shows a better tendency, and that the trade of Mexico is prospering in spite of inadequate railway resources, are obvious reasons for the better feeling; but a far more potent factor in raising the position of Mexican Rails in the Stock Markets has been a belief that the Mexican Government are likely to sanction a sliding scale of charges calculated to meet the depreciation in the sterling value of the Mexican dollar. This should certainly prove a great boon, and may, with the increasing prosperity of the country, encourage further railway enterprise in Mexico.

Argentine stocks have formed an interesting element in the Stock Exchange of late. The English investor has been steadily absorbing these securities much to the relief of the powerful finance group on whose shoulders the burden of maintaining the market during the past troublous period has rested. How far the public are well advised in taking up Argentines, it is difficult to say, for despite the undoubted prosperity of the country and the comparatively moderate price at which most of these investments stood a few months back, their future is in some ways as uncertain as ever.

When Dr. Pelligrini brought his influence to bear for the resumption of the full payment of interest on the

foreign debt a year before the date stipulated in the Moratorium agreement between Dr. Romers and Messrs. Rothschild, there were many who laughed at the decision, and few who thought it could possibly be carried out. That Dr. Pelligrini himself thought the arrangement a sound one we doubt. His sole idea, like that of most Argentine sensational financiers, was to keep the price of bonds up in London. But be this as it may, the prosperity of the country has shown in less than a year that his scheme is quite feasible.

But the Argentina Houses of Assembly seem to be hopeless. Dr. Escalante, the Finance Minister, had prepared a budget. The Finance Committee of both Houses snatched the document from his hand, and, figuratively speaking, tore it to pieces. The result is that they have pottered hopelessly since, and latest reports point to the likelihood of their settling the matter by declaring the 1897 budget valid for 1898. The whole story is one of the most painful revelations of incompetency even in the history of the Argentine Congress. It is to be feared that corruption and negligence are as marked a characteristic as ever in this South American Republic.

The British Columbian promoter is making preparations for a boom in the coming spring. Several new enterprises in connexion with that country are in the air, and among the latest organized is the Associated Goldmines of British Columbia, which is to be floated with a capital of half a million. Those interested in the scheme say that they have been quietly picking up properties at prices very much less than the market price to-day. This sounds promising, and we only trust that when the prospectus is issued early in the spring, facts will confirm these boasts.

The meeting of the North Mount Lyell Copper Company on Tuesday last was decidedly cheering to the shareholders. The chairman gave a glowing account of the future of the property, and as soon as the Company has constructed the railway from the mine to Macquarie Harbour, for which it has already secured a concession from the Tasmanian Parliament, big profits should be obtained. The railway is not only necessary for the development of the North Mount Lyell mine, but it will serve the whole of the Mount Lyell district, and the chairman stated that its value alone as an asset was twice as great as the total capital of the Company. As for the value of the mine itself, 1,000,000 tons of ore are said to be in sight, carrying 30 per cent. of copper, the first Mount Lyell carrying not more than 4 per cent. of metal, and the Rio Tinto only 3 per cent. The North Mount Lyell would seem, therefore, to be the most valuable copper mine in the world, and its shares at their present price exceedingly cheap. The market for copper is a notably expansive one, and if only half of the anticipations of the chairman are realised, the North Mount Lyell property will be a veritable goldmine, instead of a copper mine, to its shareholders. It is hoped to complete the railway in about eighteen months, and the financial position of the Company is a strong one. No wonder the shareholders went away from the meeting well pleased with themselves and with their directors.

The "Financial News" Special Commissioner has sent a long description of the present position of the gold-mining industry in Rhodesia. The Geelong Mine, in the Gwanda district, to which we have already referred, is, he states, expected to start crushing in June, and sufficient ore has already been exposed to feed a 20-stamp battery for a year. It is proposed to work, ultimately, a 40-stamp mill, and the whole of the machinery is already at the mine, or on the road. At first, however, only 20 stamps will be run. The average assay value across the whole of the reef, which is about four feet six inches thick, is two ounces per ton, but it is said that an extraordinarily rich vein has been struck, assaying many ounces to the ton. It is not yet known, however, how far this vein extends. Working costs will of course be high, since water has to be brought from a distance of three and a half miles, and the only fuel available, until coal can be obtained

at a reasonable price in Rhodesia, is wood. Nevertheless, with an average yield of only one and a half ounces per ton, and the small battery, the mine should make a profit of £8000 or £9000 per month. With the full battery, dividends of 80 or 100 per cent. should be easily earned. For those who like a gamble, with the prospect of big winnings, Geelong shares offer great attractions.

The Mozambique Company does not make much noise in the South African Market, but the steady progress it is making is worthy of more attention than it usually receives. For many months past the price of the shares has remained steadily at close upon £2, and when it is remembered that Chartereds fluctuate violently above and below £3, this fact indicates the confidence with which the undertaking is regarded in the City. Investors who can afford to lock up their money for two or three years will be almost certain to make splendid profits by investing in the Mozambique Company, for its prospects are by no means so problematical as are those of Rhodesia. It is true that the prosperity of the Mozambique Company depends in some small degree on that of the British South Africa Company, since the railway from Beira, the shortest and most direct route from the sea to Charterland, runs through the former Company's territory, and if the rumours should turn out to be well founded, that at last the existence of payable gold mines in Rhodesia is going to be demonstrated, the railway will soon be completed as far as Salisbury, and eventually to Bulawayo, when there will be direct communication between Beira and Capetown. This will of course mean a considerable increase in the value of the Mozambique Company's territory, but quite apart from its relations with Charterland the Company has resources of its own which fully warrant the expectations its friends entertain of its future prosperity.

The Mozambique Company controls an area of some 60,000 square miles in Portuguese East Africa, extending to the west as far as the frontier of the Chartered Company's territory, and possessing on the east a seaboard of 300 miles with several good harbours. Within this area it owns the whole of the land, mines, and produce, and under its Charter from the Portuguese Government it exercises complete rights of administration and taxation. The Charter was granted for twenty-five years in 1891, but in May of last year the term was extended to fifty years, and several additional and important privileges were conceded. There is no doubt that gold exists in large quantities in the territory, especially in the Sofala and Manica districts. As the country is developed and communications established, these auriferous regions are certain to contribute largely to the revenue of the Company, for, owing to their proximity to the sea, the gold will be much more cheaply won than in the more remote districts of the Transvaal and Charterland. Moreover, it is known that there are immense deposits of coal in the neighbourhood, whilst the natural products of the country, such as rubber, gum, and ivory, and the extensive forests of teak and other valuable timber, are not less important resources. Quite recently in the "Field," Mr. W. F. Kirby, the well-known sportsman, spoke of it as perhaps the best place in the world for a big-game park, such as it has been proposed to establish in various places.

All this may sound a little like the commonplace of the geography book, but it was necessary to repeat it in order to understand the importance of the work of development which is being unsensationally but effectively carried out by the Mozambique Company, with the result that its revenue is rapidly increasing. In 1894 the gross revenue of the Company was £45,500, in 1895 £57,000, and in 1896 £89,000. The receipts for the first nine months of 1897 were £105,330, so that in three years the revenue has been more than trebled. Already in 1896 the receipts exceeded the administrative expenditure by more than £22,000, or enough to pay 5 per cent. interest on the total issued capital of the Company, but practically the whole of this profit was

wisely and judiciously expended on public works and improvements. By this unostentatious and thorough policy there is little doubt that the enormous wealth of the country will speedily be made available and the fortunate shareholders of the Company will reap their reward. Beira, which was founded by the Company, is in the way to become one of the most important ports on the East Coast of Africa, for now that the railway is completed as far as the Rhodesian frontier and is being continued into the Chartered Company's territory, it is evident that it will become the principal port of communication for Rhodesia and other important districts of Central South Africa. The steamers of several of the leading South African lines now proceed to Beira direct once a month, and at this one port alone the Customs receipts in 1897 showed an increase of 100 per cent. over those of 1896. Beira has developed enormously of late, land which a few years ago was worth a few shillings now changing hands at £2 and £3 per square metre. Active steps are being taken to provide efficient harbour works. Finally it is to be noted that, although the Company is a Portuguese one, there are committees in London and Paris, consisting of French and English directors, and that no important steps are taken without first consulting them.

NEW ISSUES, ETC.

PERTH LAND CORPORATION, LIMITED.

The Perth (West Australia) Land Corporation, Limited, invites subscriptions for 80,000 shares, out of a total capital of £100,000 in £1 shares. The Company is formed to acquire and develop landed property in the neighbourhood of Perth, the capital of Western Australia. For £50,000 the Company is to purchase a plot of land 553 acres in extent, possessing an extensive frontage to the Swan River, and having the further advantage of being on the direct route from Perth to Freemantle. Since the Colony has decided to make Freemantle its principal port, and is now carrying out extensive harbour works, the value of the land secured seems likely to increase, as it will form a good site for suburban residences. As working capital for the development of the property the sum of £50,000 has been reserved. The estate is to be laid out for building purposes, and a site has been set aside for a first-class hotel on the property. The prosperity of the Company will depend, of course, on the general prosperity of the Colony, but West Australia is progressing so fast, and land-values in a rising colony have a way of rising with such rapidity that the Company's prospects seem distinctly good. The vendors guarantee 5 per cent. interest for the first year on the amount subscribed. The list opens on Monday and closes before 4 p.m. on Wednesday.

SELF-ACTING TYRE PUMP.

The Self-Acting Pneumatic Tyre Pump Syndicate, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £20,000, in £1 shares, to acquire the patent rights for a self-acting air-pump for pneumatic tyres, which is fixed to the wheel of the cycle, and is said to inflate the tyre by the weight of the rider's body and the revolution of the wheel. The working capital of the Syndicate is £6500, from which it would seem that £13,500 is being paid for the patent. Whether this is to be paid in cash or shares is not stated in the prospectus, but no doubt much will depend on how the public take to the scheme. As this is a parent syndicate, it is evidently intended to develop the enterprise on a big scale. We shall await future events with interest. In the meanwhile it is well to bear in mind that the success of the new invention is prospective to a degree.

WEBB AND ELLEN, LIMITED.

How much has the "goodwill" of the businesses of Messrs. Webb & Ellen been valued at? A company has been formed to amalgamate and carry on these two provision businesses in Woolwich and Plumstead, and, by a curious arrangement of facts and figures in the prospectus, the directors have avoided revealing the price to be paid for the goodwill. The manner in which this object has been attained is as ingenious as it is simple. First of all the attention of the prospective investor is casually drawn to the sales for the past

three years, which are said to have been increasing. Then a certificate is published showing what have been the average combined annual sales of late; then the average nett profit of £5550 is mentioned, and the certificate winds up by saying that the average sales for the last eight months of 1897 show a considerable advance on the three previous years. By this curious placing of the nett profit between the average sales and the statement that the sales are increasing, the reader may be led into the belief that the net profit is certified as increasing. But let there be no mistake on that point. There is not a sign of proof that the nett profits have been increasing, and it would have been more satisfactory if the directors had thrown some light on this subject before appealing for capital. But there is another point about which readers of this cleverly arranged prospectus should fix their attention. The purchase price has been fixed at the amount of the valuation of Messrs. Edridge & Jackson, viz., £45,268 7s. (The inclusion of the odd shillings is one of those absurdities sometimes inserted for effect). This looks moderate enough until we examine the valuation report referred to and find that the goodwill is jumbled up with other assets in the most haphazard style. For aught we can tell nine-tenths of the purchase consideration may represent goodwill. With all its glaring show of accountants' certificates and valuation report it is impossible to discover from this prospectus whether the assets of the Company are valued at £10 or £10,000, whether the net profits have been increasing or the reverse, and how much the vendors are swallowing for "goodwill." As for the statement that "none of the shares have been or will be underwritten," we do not attach any importance to it. The question is whether the promoters tried to get them underwritten. It is well to add that most of the purchase price is payable in cash. The capital of the Company is £100,000, divided into 40,000 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each, and 60,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. All the preference and 20,000 of the ordinary shares are now offered to the public. Three of the directors, Messrs. John Layton, Charles Edward Ayshford, and John Edward Layton, are directors of the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited. An arrangement has been made by which their new Company will sell the teas of their old Company.

CENTRAL SUPPLY COMPANY.

The Central Supply Company is a speculation. Some thirty comparatively unknown butchers' and provision businesses are to be acquired, and these are for the most part situate in the poorer suburbs of London. What profit these shops have shown in past times must be to a great extent due to individual enterprise, and it is a question whether they will work as satisfactorily under central control. Of course by the new system economy can be effected, but at the same time investors must take into consideration the number of rival enterprises of a similar character already in the field. The thirty businesses included are said to have produced, during a period of three years, an aggregate average annual net profit of over £17,000. It is impossible to place much reliance on this statement, for the reason that no details are given as to how this result is arrived at. The accounts of thirty small businesses, taken for three years, and jumbled together to produce an average, is an unsatisfactory certificate to any ordinary man of business. The purchase price has been fixed at £90,000, payable partly in cash and partly in fully-paid shares. The capital of the Central Supply Company is £200,000, divided into 100,000 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each, and 100,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. The present issue consists of 65,000 preference and 50,000 ordinary shares.

WANSBOROUGH PAPER COMPANY.

The prospectus of the Wansborough Paper Company, Limited, has at least the merit of full and detailed information on all points that concern the prospective investor. The share capital of the Company is £100,000, divided into 10,000 five and a half cumulative preference shares of £5 each, and 10,000 ordinary shares of £5 each. In addition, there is issued £55,000 in 4½ per cent. debenture stock. It is not proposed to call up

more than £3 17s. 6d. per share on the ordinary shares.

The object of the Company is to acquire the paper manufacturing and paper-bag manufacturing business of Mr. A. C. Wansborough and partners at Watchet and Cheddar. The profits for 1896 were £8124. The assets to be acquired apart from goodwill have been valued at £108,043. The purchase price has been fixed at £135,000.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

CENTRAL SUPPLY (B. H. W., Streatham).—No.

GREAT EASTERN (Cavalry, Lancaster Gate).—We advise you to wait before purchasing any more.

ASSOCIATED OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA (H. J. B., Cheltenham).—Information regarding this Company is always published in the financial daily papers.

ARMY AND NAVY STORES (Spinster, Belgrave Road).—We do not advise you to sell.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ENGLISH BLACK MONKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 January, 1898.

SIR,—In thanking you for your kind notice of my book, may I ask to reply to two points upon which my accuracy has been called into question?

1. "A work professing accuracy," says the reviewer, should not contain such sentences as, 'But Cromwell turned out later such an adept in the receipt of bribes that it is most likely he proved his powers on this occasion.' I think this is a fair generalisation on the following grounds. Mr. Brewer says: "Of Cromwell it is enough to say that even at this early period of his career, his accessibility to bribes and presents in the disposal of monastic leases was notorious" ("Reign of Henry VIII.," ii. p. 270). And again, "Loud outcries reached the King's ears of the exactions and peculations of Wolsey's officers, in which the name of Cromwell was most frequently repeated, and more than once the King had to express his grave displeasure at the conduct of a man who soon after was destined to occupy the highest place in his favour" (ibid. p. 394). As a matter of fact Cromwell did prove his powers, and there is overwhelming evidence of his (shall we put it prettily?) accessibility to pecuniary inducements. Dom Gasquet, in his "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries" produces so much evidence from the original accounts that there is no possible question on the matter. Just one example. Layton and Legh, when on their visitation, wrote to Cromwell about a certain monk of Fountains, Marmaduke by name, "a wealthy fellow, who will give you six hundred marks to make him abbot." They knew their man. Marmaduke was duly named abbot, and writes his thanks to Cromwell (Gasquet, i. 337). I think, on the score of accuracy, my statement will stand, though it is not put quite strongly enough.

2. "The visitors, as is clear from their own letters, were determined that scandals should be found, and they scrupled not by threats to extort . . . or to invent so-called confessions; nay, even themselves to tempt to sin the helpless women in their power" (p. 149). We are aware that the charge is a commonplace of Roman Catholic writers on the Reformation, but it is unworthy of a serious work on the subject.

First as to their determination to find scandals. Layton writes to Cromwell from York: "This day we begin at St. Mary's Abbey, whereat we suppose to find much evil disposition, both in the Abbot and the Convent, whereof, God willing, I shall certify you in my next letter." This tone of mind, the rapidity of the visitation rendering it absolutely futile for any real investigation, the nature of the *comptur*, are grounds for claiming that the statement in my book is accurate. Dom Gasquet, who has made the subject his own, says: "As far as can be ascertained, no such confessions or self-accusations are in existence. . . . There is absolutely no record of any such self-accusation subscribed by the names of the offenders. Moreover, the letters of the visitors and their *comptur*s prove incontestably that they did not base the charges they so freely made upon any such confessions" (i., pp. 347-8). Therefore they

were either invented or extorted. Those who resisted were accused of having entered into conspiracy.

As regards the behaviour to the helpless women we will pass over what Sanders says in his "Anglican Schism" (English edition, p. 129), and what Ortiz, writing at the time, reports. We will take a non-catholic writer, Mr. Blunt: "The tone of Layton's letters to Cromwell are of such a kind as to make one fear that some nuns were thus wickedly seduced and others not less wickedly accused falsely" ("The Reformation of the Church of England," vol. i., p. 316). It certainly was not unlikely of Dr. London, afterwards Dean of Windsor. Of him it is written: "He was afterwards put to open penance with two smocks on his shoulders for Mrs. Thykked and Mrs. Jennynghes, the mother and the daughter," &c. ("Narratives of the Reformation," Camden Soc., p. 35). Cranmer, himself, calls him "a stout and filthy prebendary of Windsor;" and Mr. Blunt sums up the situation thus: "Such a man, a dean twice detected in immorality and put to open penance for it, and afterwards convicted of perjury, is not the stuff of which credible witnesses are made" (ibid. i., p. 358).

I think the above points will show that "in a work professing accuracy" accuracy is to be found, and that the reviewer has not been alive to the results of modern research by non-catholics, not to speak of ancient historical writers.—I am, yours faithfully,

ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

[Mr. Taunton should not import the methods or courtesies of religious polemic into a question of history. Whether Thomas Cromwell took bribes at this period or no is a question admitting of proof, and Brewer's opinion, though quoted by every writer since, is not proof. In a period when every one from Pope to parish constable took "presents" the proof should not be difficult to obtain. Till then Mr. Taunton is not entitled to assume earlier conduct from later misdemeanours.]

As regards Mr. Taunton repeating the charge against the visitors of soliciting the nuns, Dom Gasquet, who knows the documents, says of Dr. London "London's subsequent history makes it seem not at all unlikely that he would have availed himself of exceptional opportunities for entrapping the nuns in so diabolical a manner," but he gives no hint either of "exceptional opportunities" or of one recorded case. The nearest approach to specific charges of the sort is the repetition of a story from Walter Mapes. So far from writing at the time Sanders is half a century later, Fuller, the chief authority, later still. Burnet, who gives the charge against London, is later still. But, again, these charges may be true—anything may be true in an age when a man convicted of unnatural offences is subsequently made tutor to "a Daughter of England." Only charges should not be made "in a work professing accuracy" unless they can be proved.—THE REVIEWER.]

THE CASE OF MR. SPRIGGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

53 Chancery Lane, London.
18 January, 1898.

SIR,—It was with great pleasure that I read your comments on the case of Mr. Wallace Spriggs, of Forest Gate, who was recently sentenced by Mr. Justice Grantham, at the Assizes, to five years' penal servitude for assaulting a lady cyclist near Rhyl, in North Wales.

The fullest report of the case that I have seen is given in the "Liverpool Post," and I wish to draw the attention of your readers to some points of special interest. They are:—(1) The prisoner was eighteen years old. The girl was not seriously injured; sentence, a severe one of five years' penal servitude. (2) Mr. Spriggs senior's letter to the magistrates was not evidence, and the judge had no right to refer to it at all; nor, even if he wrote to the magistrates what was not true, did that afford any reason for discrediting the testimony of his wife and daughters—merely because they were well dressed. (3) Whatever reason he had for pointing out reasons for doubting the truth of the alibi before the jury had decided, what possible excuse is there for

charging respectable (and innocent) persons with perjury in passing sentence? (4) He said this alibi made matters worse for the prisoner—meaning I presume that it led him to impose a heavier sentence. Why? Surely if his relatives did perjure themselves, the prisoner was not accountable for it; or if he was—if he induced them to commit it—that was a distinct offence for which he should have been tried and sentenced separately. (5) Apparently the Crown could not find out where the prisoner was staying at Rhyl. Surely with unlimited funds at its disposal this was a reason for thinking that he was not staying there; but the judge, who speculates (without evidence) on the pecuniary circumstances of the prisoner's father, says nothing about facts which the Crown with all its funds had failed to ascertain.

Mr. Spriggs, it appears, has been only liberated on a licence, but excused from reporting himself as persons released on a licence usually are. This is a wretched half-measure at best. There ought to be a free pardon with compensation, but I suppose the Home Secretary wanted to let the Judge down easy.

The case affords a good argument against the latest flogging move on the part of our great unpaid. If these persons had their way, Mr. Spriggs (as well as Potter and the Rev. Mr. Hatch, two almost forgotten cases) would have been flogged, to say nothing of Colonel Valentine Baker.—I am, yours faithfully,

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

LORD IVEAGH AND LORD ARDILAUN'S ANCESTRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I should have thought that after my recent article on the forbears and the reputed forbears of Lords Iveagh and Ardilaun, no paper of repute would have given further currency to the absurdities which these peers put forward as to their ancestry. And yet the same old "yarn" in all its shoddy glory appears in full detail in the "World" of the 12th inst. The Guinnesses are not descended from the old Magenis family, and I think it is about time their ridiculous pretensions were dropped.—Yours, &c.,

X.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have to thank "M. H." for referring me to the Statute relating to flogging in the Army. The case of Major B. occurred before the Statute came into force, but "M. H." seems to establish the illegality of some of the sentences referred to in your columns. What remedy has a soldier or sailor against such illegality? It seems at all events to show the necessity of a legal assessor. Does "M. H.'s" defence extend to the Navy as well as to the Army? We have had other correspondents in your columns admitting the floggings and defending them.—Truly yours, A BARRISTER.

HOME OFFICE JUSTICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I learn that Mr. Spriggs, who was lately sentenced to five years' penal servitude for an assault on a lady bicyclist, has been released on a ticket-of-leave, but exempted from the usual condition of reporting to the police. Can any of your readers suggest a possible state of facts which would justify this mode of dealing with him? It has been suggested that the alibi sworn to at the trial has proved to be true. Surely the Home Secretary cannot have decided "This man is innocent, therefore let him have a ticket-of-leave." The conviction is, in fact, upheld; therefore, I presume, the Home Secretary regards it as justified by the evidence. Why, then, is the man liberated on a ticket-of-leave subject to less onerous conditions than usual? If Sir M. W. Ridley wishes to satisfy the public of the utter unfitness of the Home Office to discharge the functions of an appellate tribunal, I do not think he could have adopted a more convincing mode of doing so.—Truly yours,

REFORMER.

[We again regret that lack of space prevents us from publishing a large number of interesting letters.—EDITOR S. R.]

REVIEWS.

TOURGÉNEFF'S LETTERS.

"Tourgéneff and his French Circle." Translated by Ethel M. Arnold. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

AGAINST the form in which this volume has been presented to the English public we shall have several objections to bring. For the moment we will confine ourselves to what is, perhaps, to the ordinary reader the least essential, namely, the absence of any intimation whatever of the source of the letters. For all that we are told, this might be the earliest instalment of the correspondence of Tourgéneff hitherto given to the world. As a matter of fact, the volume is, so far as we have tested it, a close rendering of the letters contributed during 1896-7 to the pages of "Cosmopolis" by the painstaking and erudite M. E. Halperine-Kaminsky. But this was only a gleanings after the weightier and fuller correspondence issued in 1886, under the title of "Premier Recueil de Lettres d'Ivan Tourgéneff," a collection which opened with almost boyish letters from 1840, and proceeded to the great man's death in 1883.

If it was thought desirable to publish this aftermath of letters, painfully collected by the piety of M. Halperine-Kaminsky, it was certainly the duty of the English translator, who does not scruple to apologise for the poverty of what she translates, to explain the reason of that want of richness. She should have stated that those to whom Tourgéneff wrote—usually curiously enough, in French—with most freedom and fulness were not French, but Russians. To no one in France, not even to Flaubert, did Tourgéneff express his opinions on men and books so openly or at so much length as he did to his great master and friend, the critic Bielinsky, to lie beside whose ashes was the object of Tourgéneff's direction that his dead body should be carried from Paris to St. Petersburg. The poet Nekrassof, who was more exactly his contemporary, was another of his intimate correspondents; another was Annenkof, who had shared some of Tourgéneff's Parisian experiences, and who survived him. But perhaps the most interesting of all the letters of 1886 are those addressed to Stafsulevitz, the editor of the "Messager d'Europe," for whom, at Tourgéneff's recommendation, M. Zola wrote during so many months the letters which revolutionised European opinion of the naturalistic controversy. Of a knowledge of all this, however slight, Miss Arnold's preface betrays not a single trace.

Yet to judge Tourgéneff as a letter-writer by the rags and tatters which the industry of M. Halperine-Kaminsky has swept together, is a grave injustice. In the volume of 1886, which progresses slowly over a period of forty-three years, we can trace every prominent feature of the great novelist's character. There all the landmarks have been already given. The fact that he was imprisoned at Moscow, and then banished to his mother's estates, in 1852, for having published an article on the death of Gogol, is treated here as if this was a momentous discovery. But readers of the "Premier Recueil" have known all about it for a dozen years, and it is much to be regretted that Miss Arnold, before she rushed into print about Tourgéneff, did not make herself acquainted with the main existing documents on the subjects. Tourgéneff—rest his soul!—said some rather rude things about literary ladies. What would he have thought of the latest of his English annotators?

He would have been at least amazed to find that a lady who undertook to edit his correspondence had never heard of Sacher-Masoch! The great Galician novelist, whose fame and vogue in the whole east of Europe are unbounded, and who has been called "the Austrian Tourgéneff," appears in her pages as "a certain M. Sacher-Mazoch" (*sic*)! This is like talking of "a certain Mrs. Olifant" or "a certain M. Dodet." The little naughty adjective betrays Miss Arnold as perfectly at sea, floating in her subject on a raft of presumptuous conjecture. We have accidentally referred to Alphonse Daudet, and it is in relation to that writer that Miss Arnold is most conspicuously at fault. She thinks that the calumnies which electrified the literary

world in 1887, and gave Daudet such distress, were of no importance. Her language is so extraordinary that we must quote it:—

"As to his intercourse with M. Daudet . . . M. Halperine-Kaminsky has much to say which was doubtless prompted by the generous desire to clear the memory of a great compatriot from the odious suspicion of disloyalty. But, while paying every deference to the motives which actuated him, we cannot help feeling that he has made somewhat too much of an episode which belongs essentially to the category of things best forgotten. An anonymous author, moved evidently by some personal grudge against Tourgéneff, published after his death a volume of so-called 'Recollections,' in which the dead Russian is made to say a number of ill-natured things, &c."

This is simply prodigious! So far as we can follow Miss Arnold, she is here doing no more nor less than reproducing M. Halperine-Kaminsky's allusive remarks made in the pages she has to translate, without any independent knowledge of the books and events of which he speaks. It is, apparently, on that ground and no other, that she permits herself to chide, so patronisingly, the man of all others who knows the history of Tourgéneff most accurately. It would be idle to ask what acquaintance Miss Arnold possesses of the "Souvenirs" of Isaac Pavlovsky, or what of their effect upon the career of Daudet. We wonder whether she knows in what portion of what volume that novelist wrote,—

"Mon Dieu, que la vie est donc singulière, et qu'il est joli ce mot de la langue grecque: 'Eironeia!'"

Yet these words have passed under her notice, for M. Halperine-Kaminsky quotes them, and this is how Miss Arnold translates them,—

"Heavens! What a singular thing life is, and how true is that charming Greek word *Erponeia*!"

Qu'il est joli ce mot *Erponeia*! Is it Russian?

A young lady, however, may know no Greek, and may not have followed the history of recent European literature, and yet be able to translate from the French. This is the case with Miss Ethel Arnold, whose version of Tourgéneff's flowing letters is easy, colloquial, and in the main accurate; but one thing she cannot do, she cannot correct her proofs. We hardly remember ever glancing at a book that swarmed with more misprints than do some parts of this. "Georges" Sand, instead of "George," occurs too persistently to be a mere press error. "La Tentation de Sainte Antoine" would have sent Flaubert into roars of Titanic laughter. But Miss Arnold speaks of "leur futcher;" what is a "futcher?" This beats us. In some places there are perfect constellations of misprints. On page 39, within the space of five lines, we find "Fladel" (for Cladel), "Mendés" (for Mendès), "Bergeras" (for Bergerat), "Séard" (for Céard), and "Toulouse" (for Toudouse), all names of well-known contemporary writers. We turn the leaf, and in a single note we find five more blunders, "aubrege" (for *auberge*), "Autchar" (for Antchar), "journees" (for *journées*), "terrailleur" (for *ferrailleur*), and "Marnier" (for "Marmier"). It is extraordinary how these horrors exasperate the eye.

Misprints are commonly supposed to be the fault of the author, although a multitude of those which occur here should have escaped no reader in the printing-office. But for the manufacture of the book the publisher is responsible. We do not remember to have ever seen a volume sent out in so rudimentary a form as this is. There is no table of contents and no index, so that the reader has no guide for reference whatsoever. Moreover, in the body of the text it has been forgotten to state to whom each individual letter is addressed, nor is this difficulty obviated by any direction at the top of the pages, where nothing is found but the incessantly repeated words, "Tourgéneff and his French Circle." Worst of all, the entire material is printed straight on, like the information in the columns of a newspaper. For example, the Letters begin with those addressed to Madame Viardot. These end on page 35, and are followed by those to Gustave Flaubert. But, instead of beginning a new chapter, divided from the former by a bastard title, the Flaubert Letters are printed straight on at the bottom of the last Viardot page. The book, in consequence of all these omissions,

is a trackless wilderness. We have often commended Mr. Fisher Unwin for the care and good taste with which his publications are manufactured. This specimen must have slipped through his fingers unobserved. If he values his credit, he will recall it from publicity, and issue it revised and reset.

AN AGRICULTURAL AGITATOR.

"Joseph Arch: the Story of his Life told by Himself." Edited, with a Preface, by the Countess of Warwick. London: Hutchinson.

WE are grateful to the Countess of Warwick for confining her duty as editor of this book to the writing of a preface. "I have judged it best that he should speak for himself, and express his opinions quite frankly in his own way," she says; and the result is one of the most interesting autobiographies we have read for many a long day. The only previous occasion upon which Mr. Arch has used the pen with an eye to publication was in 1893. In February of that year, he tells us, "an article of mine appeared in the 'New Review.' It was entitled 'Lords and Labourers,' and I wrote it in two goes of six hours each." There you have a perfect picture of the M.P. for North-West Norfolk at his unwonted task; and can realise at once how disastrous would have been any editorial attempt to give grace or literary form to this story. Mr. Arch puts it forward as a "review of the chief events in my chequered career, during the greater part of which I figured prominently before the public;" but it is more and better than that. It is not merely a chronicle of events; in Whitman's phrase, it is not a book but a man, and the self-revelation is all the more convincing because it is for the most part so delightfully unconscious. It is the Dissenting type of agricultural labourer—the "meeting"—become articulate for the first time. We have known him in fiction and by second-hand description often enough, but here is the very man himself, a mighty egotist, self-opiniated, delivering ludicrous judgments on men and things with a discursive belief in himself beyond description, mistaking prejudice for thought, and possessed of the conventicle habit of mind and speech born of a long course of lay preaching; but having upon all this the impress of a simple honesty that compels admiration. The influence of the meeting-house is dominant. It gives him a continual sense of being engaged in a mission. When somebody calls him Moses, he promptly replies: "I have been called the modern Moses. I do not lay claim to the piety nor the pathos of that ancient patriarch, but when he delivered the children of Israel from bondage what happened?" and proceeds to accept the parallel by instancing his own leadership of the labourers. "I was but a humble instrument in the Lord's hands," he says. "The Almighty Maker of Heaven and earth raised me up to do this thing"—i.e., to form the labourers' union. It is the same with the smaller details of his work. He goes to address a union meeting, and "when I stood up there with all these brethren gathered together, I said within myself, 'Joseph Arch, you have not lived in vain, and of a surety the Lord God of Hosts is with us this day.'" Although it is clear that he regards himself as anything but "a humble instrument," all this is not insincerity. It is simply the conventional lay-preacher method of self-assertion. When he is in the thick of a fight he forgets this medium of expression, and gives us the assertion directly. "By this time I had got a great deal of influence in the village. The bigwigs found out that I was a labouring man they had to reckon with; that if they tried to tread on my toes, I trod back with my hob-nailed boots; that I had a voice and a hand and a head which matched, and more than matched, theirs. I was no cracked bell; whenever I was hit I rang true." One of the best instances of this egotism in the book is Arch's description of his wife. "She was a good, clean wife and a good mother; she looked after my father well; she was always attending to her home and her family; but she was no companion to me in my aspirations. My father often used to say, 'Joe, she is no companion for you.' She taught her children how to work, and in this respect she taught them well; but she could not train them for better

positions in life. What extra education they had I gave them myself; she could not. She meant well, and she did well, as far as she was able." We should dearly like to have had Mrs. Arch's views on the subject. But it would be doing injustice to the man to regard this egotism, which is his dominant characteristic, as a merely personal thing. It is a far more significant matter than that; for it is in the main a class pride, and an illuminating comment upon the position of the labourer generally. It is not "I, Joseph Arch," so much as "I, an agricultural labourer," who have done this and this. His main satisfaction is not in treading back upon the toes of the bigwigs, but in doing it "with hobnail boots." The sense of subservient generations is upon him, of accepted serfdom; and to be talked about, to be a public man and exercise influence, to do anything beyond the routine of ploughing, and hedge-cutting, and drawing meek wages, is so extraordinary a departure from the tradition of his class that he must needs exult over it. He is clearly as amazed at himself and his work as he expects his readers to be; and in his most emphatic declarations of sturdiness and independence, you catch the note of proud surprise that an agricultural labourer should be talking in any such fashion.

It is in this sense, as a personal document, with the mood and condition and outlook upon life of a hitherto voiceless class for its background, that the book's main interest lies. The actual facts related in it are by no means so important as some of its critics would have us believe. Lady Warwick, in her preface, regards the labourers' union as "one of the most remarkable movements of modern times," and tells us that it "revolutionised the condition of the agricultural labourer." That is sheer nonsense. Take her own test, and "compare the condition of the labourer before the union with his condition to-day. . . . Bread was dear, and wages down to starvation-point; the labourers were uneducated, underfed, underpaid; their cottages were often unfit for human habitation, the sleeping and sanitary arrangements were appalling." Well, what is it now? Bread is cheaper, and there are free schools in every parish; but the union, which is now dead, had nothing to do with bringing that about. The Education Act was passed in 1870, the union was formed in 1872. For the rest, wages are as low as they were before the union. At present they are 10s. a week in the Eastern counties. The cottage problem is more appalling than ever. Where is the revolution? That wages rose while the union was in existence is quite true, but neither Mr. Arch nor Lady Warwick notices the fact that the price of agricultural produce also rose. In 1874 the annual average price of British corn was higher than in any year but one (1847) since the passing of the Tithe Commutation Act, and all through the seventies it was above the par value fixed by that Act. When prices began to fall, wages fell, and the union went to pieces. We do not deny that the union secured for the labourer a larger share of this temporary agricultural prosperity than he would have got without it. That is an accomplishment of which Mr. Arch may be justly proud; but it is a very long way from a revolution in the condition of his class. What the labourer has gained is political power, and in the end he will come into his heritage by means of it; but the end is not yet. Mr. Arch and the union have not passed without result, even permanent result; but these exaggerated claims for their influence only serve to remind us of the fly on the wheel in the old fable.

The minor incidents of the book, especially of its earlier portion, will no doubt be taken as splendid texts from which to preach the short-sighted Radicalism that can see in our rural problems nothing but a question of parson and landlord tyranny. Undoubtedly many of them do tell heavily against the ruling powers of our villages; but they are tales of half a century ago, and no impartial observer will disagree with Lady Warwick's assertion that the reproach has now been largely wiped away, and that the rural clergy and landowners are animated by a far more neighbourly good feeling towards their labouring fellow-parishioners than existed then. That cases of gross abuse of power still exist it would be idle to deny; but they have grown so rarely, and the man who indulges in them stands out

demned, not only by the labourers whose lives he makes harder, but by the sentiment of his own class. Even sixty years ago the particular parson whose conduct gave Arch a life-long and deep hatred of the Church was undoubtedly no representative of his class. We cannot close this notice better than by quoting our author's opinion of his Nonconformist friends, and so serving the double purpose of balancing his invective against the Establishment, and testifying to his honesty as an observer of facts, in that he does not flinch from them when they tell against his own side. "I have had conversations with a great number of Dissenting ministers," he says, "but they daren't speak their minds. Let a Dissenting minister come into your town, let him settle down in one of your chapels, and let him dare to say a word in favour of the poor man who is down in the ditch, then you will find the little capitalist and deacon down upon him like vultures."

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

"The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman." By Wilfrid Ward. London: Longmans.

MR. WILFRID WARD has not only written a most admirable biography, but he has contributed a valuable chapter to modern ecclesiastical history. His vivid and fascinating essay on "the English Papists," tracing the history of Romanism in this country from the time of the Reformation through the dark days of the penal laws up to our own time, is not merely a record which future students must have at hand for necessary reference, but one of the brightest pieces of historical writing we remember to have seen. The final essay, on "The Exclusive Church and the Zeitgeist," seems to us, who do not accept either its assumptions or its conclusions, to be perhaps the ablest apology yet presented for one at least of those characteristics of the Papal Church which are most repugnant to the majority of Englishmen. Indeed, we can make but one criticism upon the book; it is very long. This is, however, an attribute of most modern biographies, inevitable when they deal not merely with the life, but with the times, of their subject; and even here Mr. Ward's book compares favourably with, for instance, the life of Pusey by Dr. Liddon and his collaborators. Lengthy as it is, there is not a dull page in the whole twelve hundred.

It was right that Wiseman's work should be brought freshly to the notice of men of the present day, since his personality had been somewhat dwarfed by the commanding figure of his successor. It is now clear that the special feature of Manning's policy which was looked upon as perhaps his astutest and ablest stroke was in reality inherited from Wiseman. It was he who threw himself into the social and general interests of the English people, "ready to take his place in all works of importance to the commonwealth," lecturing on Shakespeare, visiting factories, keen on the Arctic expedition of 1851, writing a valuable memorandum for the Postmaster-General on the institution of the penny post, and so forth. Well might a Roman Catholic layman of note, the late Mr. Ambrose Phillips de Lisle, write to assure the Cardinal that his "Eminence's lectures upon general subjects are doing . . . a thousand times more than all the controversy in the world to win the heart of old England." One effect of this wise course was to break down the barrier of separateness and seclusion which had long parted the "Papists" from their fellow-Englishmen, with bad results on both.

Wiseman was far more of a scholar than Manning. His linguistic accomplishments were nothing short of extraordinary: he could speak, as Newman testifies, with readiness and point in half a dozen modern tongues without being detected for a foreigner; he was an authority on ancient Oriental languages and literatures, an expert antiquarian, a practical musician and a sound musical critic, a first-rate judge of pictures, while his knowledge of the complex ceremonial and the infinitely varied liturgies of the Church was minute and exact. Nor did this variety of acquirement involve superficiality; neither did it take from Wiseman, as the weight of scholarship generally seems to do, the power of plain speech and popular argument. No more masterly appeal to the English people was ever penned

than that with which Wiseman fairly stemmed the tide of the Papal Aggression disturbance, and, absolutely, for the moment, silenced the whole shrieking press. That was the work of a shrewd and practical man of affairs, who knew exactly what to say and how to say it. Nothing said or done by Manning was ever so skilful or so successful. Wiseman was as clever a tactician as his successor, a better scholar, and, to our thinking, a very much bigger man—not in the physical sense alone.

It will be remembered that it was an essay by Wiseman, on St. Augustine's argument against the Donatists, which first shook Newman's confidence in the Church of England, and dealt the blow from which he never recovered; there was a dramatic fitness in the Oxford leader's surrender of his sword, as Mr. Ward puts it, six years afterwards at Oscott, to the author of that fatal article in the "Dublin Review." Wiseman's relations with Newman and the converts were always pleasant and intimate: indeed, the Cardinal was thought by many of the older sort among his own co-religionists to show too much favour to the neophytes, who were looked upon by not a few as upstarts and intruders. Wiseman, on the other hand, looked for the conversion of England to be brought about mainly by their means. Long before his own last illness he had fixed upon Manning as his desired successor; he made W. G. Ward professor of theology at St. Edmund's College, though in Roman eyes he was a layman; it was largely through Wiseman's influence that Newman was made Rector of the University of Dublin; Faber and Oakeley were among his special friends; and Mgr. Talbot, another convert, became at Wiseman's instance, the confidential adviser of the Pope. It is not surprising that the older school of Roman Catholics were sore and jealous, and that many of them should have adopted an attitude of independence, even of opposition, towards their chief, which tried the Cardinal much. It taxed all his skill to drive the heterogeneous team which formed the ranks of the English Romanists and to bring about unity of action. That he succeeded as well as he did shows that in addition to his other great gifts he possessed one of the greatest of all—the gift of governance.

Towards the end of his episcopate he was less successful, whether from breaking health or diminution of powers, or from a combination of causes. His great mistake in the appointment of Bishop Errington as his coadjutor has already been enlarged upon by Mr. Purcell. Mr. Ward's account of the "Errington case" is in many respects different from, and in some points irreconcilable with, the story as told in Manning's "Life"—a work for which Mr. Ward does not trouble to conceal his scorn. Though Wiseman was successful in getting rid of his impracticable coadjutor, it cost him dear; indeed, it not improbably killed him. His own household were all against him; his secretary, his Vicar-General, and most of the Chapter, were on Errington's side. The Cardinal's sensitive nature was terribly tried by these painful estrangements, most of which continued up to his death. He was not a man who could put himself into another's position, nor could he separate his personal feelings from the cause to which he devoted himself, and the result was bitterly painful to himself, and mischievous to his Church.

Great as in many respects Wiseman was, he had his failings, and they were not few. The popular notion of him as a *bon vivant* is a grotesque exaggeration; he suffered from a distressing internal malady which produced his excessive corpulence, and compelled a certain daintiness of diet. Yet he certainly had none of Manning's reserve and asceticism; he frankly enjoyed good food and good wine, told and laughed at good stories, and liked pleasant company and genial talk. We do not reckon it to him for unrighteousness. But there was some justification for Browning's caricature of him as Blougram: we cannot agree with Mr. Ward that it was meant for some one else, although it is true that the doubts which tried Wiseman in his youth were wholly different in kind from the sceptical habit of mind represented in Blougram. Wiseman's chief weakness appears to have been his excessive sensitiveness; he was moreover impatient of detail, unbusiness-like, dilatory. Yet he made surprisingly few mistakes; and with whatever defects, he was unquestionably a great

ecclesiastic, perhaps a great man, whose portrait we are grateful to Mr. Ward for presenting to us so skilfully in this attractive book.

SIR HUGH GOUGH'S OLD MEMORIES.

"Old Memories." By General Sir Hugh Gough, G.C.B., V.C. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

SIR HUGH GOUGH writes from memory, and his little book has the ease and charm of conversation. It will not add greatly to our knowledge of history, and indeed must be considered very light reading, although the most is made of its contents. Wide margins and large type make a little go a long way, but here the number of words is very small compared with the bulk of the volume, and no effort in the direction of terseness is attempted. For all that, many will find it interesting, and every one will admire the modest tone of the old soldier, and the good taste of all he has to say. The Goughs are, indeed, a legion in our service, and the "*par nobile fratrum*," Sir Charles and Sir Hugh, both decorated with the V.C. and the Grand Cross of the Bath, are not the least distinguished in the brilliant family. We hear a good deal of them both, and of how they won their laurels—of Tombs, too, and of Lord Napier of Magdala, and of Lord Roberts, and Nicholson. But most of all do we come across Hodson, that most abused of radical historians, and most admired of all true soldiers. Sir Hugh was his subaltern in the famous Horse, and tells us how he remembers his name as a proverb and a war-cry in the Punjab. It is the passages about this most gallant of sabreurs that will be found most fascinating, and there is a go and verve about the writing, when Sir Hugh tells us of his old leader, that is quite contagious. "A finer or more gallant soldier never breathed. He had the true instincts of a leader of men; as a cavalry soldier he was perfection. . . . He had the all-round qualities of a good soldier. Great was the grief in Hodson's Horse at the death of their leader, for no man was more loved by his men." We catch glimpses, too, of old Sir Colin Campbell and his favourite Highlanders, and graphic pictures of the Secundra Bagh, of the horrors of Cawnpore, and of the capture of Delhi. We can scarcely hear too often of these places, or of the men whose names are for ever associated with them, and when they are described by writers like our author it is, indeed, well that they should be studied. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the account of how the Cavalry and Horse Artillery stolidly sat out the terrible fire poured upon them in front of the Moree bastion at Delhi during the eventful assault. It is not so difficult to follow leaders impetuously, and to be brave in the excitement of a charge, but to play the part of a target is far more trying to men's nerves, and this is what Sir Hope Grant's squadrons and batteries did to perfection. "The conduct of the 9th Lancers and Horse Artillery was simply glorious. The Horse Artillery were splendid: they suffered most severely, and their casualties were so heavy that the officers had at last to serve the guns themselves." But the author of these pages vied in courage, youngster as he was, even with such paladins as these. At first, he says, he felt the situation a most unpleasant one, "but as I got a little more accustomed to it it seemed not much worse than being out in the rain without an umbrella, and after a time I lighted my pipe and took matters very easily." It is only with the Mutiny that Sir Hugh Gough deals. He has seen many a good fight since, and no doubt could tell us many another stirring tale, which, perhaps, we may look forward to hearing when next he feels inclined to put pen to paper.

THE CITY OF BLOOD.

"The Benin Massacre." By Captain Allen Boisragon. London: Methuen.

"Benin: the City of Blood." By Commander R. H. Bacon. London: Arnold.

THE details of the awful massacre at Benin, and of the subsequent expedition to depose the king, are still fresh in the memory of most Englishmen. Authentic and fuller accounts, however, were necessary to enable one to appreciate fully the significance of the disaster and

ultimate revenge and triumph; and in the two books under review the reader will find such accounts. Commander Bacon's is the bigger and better written, and deals almost exclusively with the punitive expedition and its consequences; while Captain Boisragon's relates the story of the massacre which prompted the expedition, so that the books do not overlap each other to any degree.

Few have had such an experience as that narrated by Captain Boisragon. It reads more like an imaginative adventure from some story-book than like an actual experience. In the early part of his book, Captain Boisragon glances rapidly at the early history of Benin, and describes more minutely the horrible practices of the city. But the most interesting and exciting part is that which gives the graphic accounts of the escape of himself and his companion, and their five days' wanderings in the terrible bush. Although written in a quite modest fashion, it does not conceal from the reader the amount of endurance and gallantry displayed by the unfortunate and courageous couple who lived to tell the tale.

Commander Bacon has made his story brief, and at the same time has avoided baldness. Almost at once the reader is put in possession of the facts, drawn irresistibly into line with the expedition, and compelled to follow it through all its hardships and dangers. Scarcely ever, we should say, has such a complement of men been got together from so great a distance and furnished so completely in so short a time. Nor has a British force had such a task set them as the march along the bush-path to Olgo. The author gives the picture in a few words: "Imagine a country 2500 square miles, one mass of forest, without one break, except a small clearing here or there for a village and its compound. Imagine this forest stocked with trees, some 200 feet high, with a dense foliage overhead, and interspersed between these monster products of vegetable growth smaller trees to fill up the gaps. Imagine between all these trees an undergrowth of rubber shrubs, palms, and creepers, so thick that the eye could never penetrate more than twenty yards, and often not even ten. Imagine the fact that you might even walk for an hour without seeing the sun overhead, and only at times get a glimmer of a sunbeam across the path, and you have an elementary conception of the bush country of Benin." The path through all this was just broad enough for one man to walk in comfort, able only to touch the bush each side with outstretched arms. All was grand overhead, while from the ground came the rank smell of decaying vegetable matter, charged with the germs of malaria. Fighting under such circumstances gives overwhelming advantages to the enemy, but nevertheless Benin was finally taken with but little loss of life. It is difficult in a short space to give any idea of the striking way Commander Bacon brings the horrors and trials of the campaign vividly before the reader; or to give even a vague notion of the loathsome practice of Ju-Ju, or the terrible picture of slaughter and sacrifice Benin presented when it was at last reached.

These books should be read not only by those who care for adventure, but also by those who care for history. England has spilt much blood in the doing of unpleasant yet necessary deeds with varying degrees of success; but the purging of this "pest-house," this decomposing ghastly cesspool, in so summary a fashion will stand out prominently in our annals.

TWO FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS.

"The Non-Religion of the Future: A Sociological Study." Translated from the French of Marie Jean Guyau. London: Heinemann.

"Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion." By Auguste Sabatier, Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology, Paris. Translated by T. A. Seed. London: Hodder.

IT seems we may be permitted to describe "The Non-Religion of the Future" as the production of a blatant missionary. We would not have ventured the observation had not the author invited us to do so. "I often meet," she observes, "near my home, a missionary with a black beard, a hard sharp eye, lit sometimes with a mystic gleam. Are we not brothers and humble collaborators in the work of humanity?"

That the author is engaged in pulling down what the missionaries of all the religions are employed in building up is no doubt a detail; but it is hardly a detail that she has refused to profit by past experience in the matter of missionary methods. Successful missionaries have commonly dwelt with emphasis upon the points of agreement between themselves and those whom they evangelise, and have led their converts from some common standpoint to a higher plane of thought. It is probably the influence of national environment which debars the author of this work from such philosophic sympathy with the votaries of religion. She conceives the antithesis between religion and non-religion in terms of that historic antagonism between authority and freedom of which modern France has been the chief theatre. Under other influences she might have produced a work in which it would have been pleasant to recognise a broad historical survey of the course of religious thought, interspersed with criticisms clearly expressed, and often effectively illustrated. As it is, the author approaches the temple of religion armed with the axe of the destroyer. Having demolished the sacred edifice from dome to foundation, she proceeds to erect another structure on its site. We watch the process for a time with interest and attention. But when we perceive with wonder the outlines of the older building reappear, we cannot avoid asking if there has not been here some misapplication of destructive energy.

The origin of the religious instinct is traced by the author to that characteristic of the nascent imagination of primitive man which endows all the objects of its environment with life, and ascribes to them supernatural powers in relation to itself. Now the tendency of scientific progress, as it enlarges the sphere of the known, is to throw this conception of supernatural powers to an ever-greater distance from the centre of the individual consciousness, dismissing it first to the mightier forces of nature, and the symbolic systems of the gods, and finally to the one inaccessible power which lies behind phenomena: Animism, Polytheism, Theism—this is the order of religious development; and the task of Science is to wrest these spheres one by one from the dominion of the speculative faculty. It would seem then that the action of science on religion should be destructive in a twofold manner. It should first destroy the hypotheses which the speculative faculty has assumed, and it should then destroy the faculty itself by depriving it of its objective pabulum. Had this been the author's conclusion it would have been logical; and criticism would have simply found it necessary to inquire into the wisdom, or the possibility, of this destructive process. But it is by no means the author's conclusion. By introducing at this point "metaphysical hypotheses" on the plea of their scientific necessity, she leads us back, under the sanction of science, to the original point of departure, that she may restore in some sense that which she has destroyed. Of course, man's primitive endowment of nature with life was speculative superstition; but nevertheless science teaches us that it was a curious approximation to the truth. "Materialism leads to a sort of Animism. In the presence of the circling world the Materialist is obliged to say it is alive." Of course, too, the Gods of the Early World were the creatures of a gross imagination; yet apparently this imagination did not misrepresent nature, but only antedated truth. Probably the universe has no gods as yet; but it may have them, for it may conceivably make them. "Evolution can and will produce species and types superior to humanity as we know it. Who knows, indeed, but that Evolution may be able to bring forth, nay, has not already brought forth, what the ancients called gods?" We remember reading in a late work of Mr. Leslie Stephen the curious statement that Christians are in the habit of expressing their faith in "Very God of Very Man." Probably there is a printer's error, for Mr. Stephen is quite aware that Christianity does not affirm the evolution of the divine from the human. It may interest him, however, to know that his apocryphal article of faith is likely to become the formulated expression of the "non-religion of the future." But why does our author stop at this point? Why does she not complete the scientific hypothesis

from the analogy of the discarded speculative hypothesis? Who knows but that Evolution may itself take, or have taken, the final monotheistic leap, and produce a God of Gods, who, in the author's words, "shall be able to propose to Himself a certain aim, and to drag nature after Him." She would thus have crowned and completed her system of non-religion—and would have realised perhaps its identity with the Deism of the eighteenth century.

The work of M. Sabatier may be taken, in many respects, as an intellectual foil to that of his compatriot. Its survey of the progress of religious thought is more restricted, and the style is somewhat more rhetorical—probably the book is an elaboration of lectures delivered. But as an expression of the higher thought prevailing to-day among French Protestants it deserves attention and appreciation. We do not like its pessimist basis. Why should the thinkers of the Great Nation be "all pessimists now?" No doubt the emotional source of religion is to be found in the element of faith, which breaks through the limitations of an imperfect and restrictive environment; but this element of faith receives an intellectual justification from its own influence on the course of evolution. We doubt, too, whether in the philosophy of M. Sabatier the truth, certain and important as it is, of the inwardness of revelation is sufficiently supplemented by the concomitant truth of social revelation, which, properly understood, should modify the erratic tendencies of individualism in thought. But on the whole, M. Sabatier's work increases our respect for Protestant thought in France.

MONUMENTS OF TYPOGRAPHY.

"Monuments of Typography and Xylography, being books of the first half-century of the art of printing in the possession of Bernard Quaritch." London: Quaritch.

TO many of us, lovers of books and words, rather than of men and things, one of the chief joys of an escape to Paris for a few days is the long saunter by the quays of the Seine, turning over lightly the heaped-up rubbish in the hope of unearthing some treasure, scorned by the dealer, which shall become a cornerstone of our collection. In England, cut off from this pleasure, we waste valuable time in conning the catalogues of second-hand booksellers and in haunting auction-rooms with the unattainable ever dangling before us. But never in our experience has the unattainable acquired such tempting proportions as in the glorified catalogue which Mr. Quaritch sends us this week. Here are over 600 books, any one of which would be a separate and distinct joy to handle, to admire, to own, and they can be bought for the modest sum of £32,500 or less. And when we remember that Mr. Quaritch asks five thousand pounds for the first book in the catalogue, the Mazarine Bible on vellum, and five thousand guineas for the second, the Fust and Schoeffer Psalter, the total does not seem so large. As the writer of the catalogue points out, some of these books, especially the Psalter, can never be sold again, for all the copies known are in public collections, and it is much to be desired that some of our modern millionaires would follow the example of their American compeers, and endow one of our provincial University colleges with this splendid collection. There are many towns in our country where these books would be of the highest educational value as models of good printing, presswork and composition alike.

It is one of the standing marvels of typography that this art sprang into being full-grown. The first books printed are absolutely the best. Hardly even can the Kelmscott Chaucer be put into competition with the Mazarine Bible, and no printer of to-day would care to reproduce from blocks the two-colour initials of the Fust and Schoeffer Psalter of 1459. Paper, ink, colour, composition, presswork, all are perfect. The vellum copies look like manuscripts, as indeed they were intended to look; and therein perhaps lies the explanation of the mystery. The printed book was no new thing, it was simply the manuscript book, perfected by centuries of experience, which had at last assumed its permanent form. Our books of to-day, the very shapes of our

letters, are governed by conventions founded on the work of fourteenth-century Italian scribes.

An interesting preface gives some account of the origins of the art. The writer shows how well aware he is of the thorny questions raised round the matters of which he treats, but he, quite naturally, takes the conservative side of the controversy. He tells us of the partnership of Gutenberg and Fust—of invention and money—of how Fust foreclosed and seized type and stock in the city of Mentz in 1455. In 1462 Mentz was sacked and printing was driven out into the world, finding a home at Cologne with Ulrich Zell, and at Subbiaco and Rome with Sweynheym and Pannartz, to whom we owe the first book printed in Roman letters. In 1469 the printing press was introduced at Venice by Spira, and Jenson followed him there in 1470. These two printers are of interest to us to-day because Morris has followed the latter and Ricketts the former in designing the founts of type used in the "Kelmscott" and "Vale" press. Jenson's type has, on the whole, an air of lightness and grace which renders it the best of the fifteenth century. From this time on the art spread rapidly, and most of the great cities of Europe had their presses at work by the end of the century. A word must be given to the myth of Laurence Koster of Haarlem, whose statue stands to this day there, though even Dutch scholars have abandoned the notion of his existence.

Some of the better-known names appear later, but their productions are interesting rather than the literary than the typographical point of view. Many of the manuscripts used by early printers have since disappeared, and the first editions alone preserve their readings. This is, we believe, the case with the Aldine Aristotle of 1495-8, and of several other works. Aldus began to print in 1494, Stephanus in the first years of the sixteenth century, the Elzevirs in the seventeenth. Caxton's first book printed in England dates from 1477, and may be bought for £1500, or if one wishes to put the first edition of the Canterbury Tales beside its latest rival a copy can be had at £2500. To speak quite frankly, Caxton was always a bad printer, and his books have only the merit of their age and subject—but this is heresy.

It is pleasant, however, to feel that this magnificent collection is not perfect, and that if our own few treasures were there, all poorly bound as they are, they would add to its completeness. There is no copy of Vincent of Beauvais, in any of his magnificent editions; there is no example of the press of Stephan Planck de Patavii, who printed at Rome in 1482, and whose type shows the tendencies of a transition from Gothic to Roman; nor of Schaller of Buda, to name only the first books taken down from one's shelves. And there are occasional errors of description. Nobody believes Bartholomew Anglicus to have been called Glanvil, it is a sixteenth-century tradition concerning a thirteenth-century friar. Moreover many printers are catalogued who were not printers at all, but simply publishers, as, for example, No. 455, where Denis Roco is expressly said to have had the book printed for him.

We can agree with Mr. Quaritch in feeling sad that such a collection should be dispersed, but on the other hand, we regret still more the decay of public spirit which makes us certain that if it is bought as a whole, it will leave our shores for ever. Perhaps our millionaires agree with our Prime Minister when he said, looking round him at the walls of last year's Academy, "While we can produce works of art like these, we need not regret the old masters leaving the country;" while we have the American "Art" magazine, we need no model of typography.

A MAN OF TONGUES.

"Solomon Caesar Malan, D.D. Memorials of his Life and Writings." By the Rev. A. N. Malan. With Portrait and Illustrations from his Sketches. London: Murray.

DR. MALAN'S extraordinary names typify his varied character. He was a Solomon in wisdom, a Roman to fight, and a versatile Provençal by descent. His ancestry is not the least interesting thing about him. The Malans belong to the Vaudois sect, and arrived at Mérindol in Provence from the valley of

Lucerna during the persecution of 1112. They formed by themselves, if not an army, a noble half-company of martyrs at least. There was Laurent, in 1309, precipitated from rocks with his wife and children; in 1440 Barthélemy was impaled; in 1545, when Mérindol was burnt by the soldiers, the women were stripped and chased round the castle, and then flung from the rocks to destruction; in 1656 Jeanne suffered at the stake. These are but types. A number of the oppressed family migrated to Holland, took ship for Africa, and their descendants now live in Cape Colony and the Transvaal, where Commandant Hercules Malan, son-in-law of President Kruger, (we are sorry to admit) received Jameson's surrender. Others sought refuge at Geneva, and here, in 1812, was born Solomon Caesar. His father was an ardent Calvinist, and finding himself at variance with what he termed the "Socinian" tendencies of the Genevese Protestants, he built himself a tabernacle, called *La Chapelle du Témoignage*, in his own garden, where he held forth to the elect. Miss Thackeray, as a child, had a painful experience of the abject terror inspired by this noble-looking old man, and of a certain "nervous discussion as to the ultimate fate of Judas," which reduced her to tears. The stern old *pasteur* had fine scholarly tastes, which he impressed upon his children. He habitually conversed with them in Latin; but on his death-bed, when Solomon, his son, began to recite a psalm in the familiar Vulgate of his youth, the dying man, scholar to the last, murmured, "*Non ita, non ita! Hebraice:*" so the son repeated it in Hebrew.

He could, for that matter, just as well have said it in Coptic or Chinese, for to him all tongues came naturally. At eighteen he could write in thirteen languages, Oriental and European, and among his published works we find translations from the Arabic, Persian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Hebrew, Coptic, Armenian, Georgian, Mongol, Chinese, Korean, Japanese, Greek, Russian, Welsh, and Gothic. He is said to have learnt to speak Armenian fluently in a fortnight, and he preached in Georgian to a Georgian congregation in the cathedral of Kutais. His greatest services to scholarship were in the somewhat arid field of ancient Oriental versions of the Scriptures, on which he was the highest authority in England, and he was a keen Biblical critic and controversialist. One cannot help feeling, however, that he wasted much of his ponderous learning upon futile disputes, in which he displayed that lack of temper and toleration which was partly the result of his peculiar bringing up. His onslaughts upon Dean Stanley and the Revised Version were intemperate; and after reading his tirade against Dean Alford's "mean and unworthy attempt to deny the miracle" of the Star of Bethlehem, and his "slipshod teaching, neither honest nor scholarlike" (all because the unlucky Dean, like other "shallow-hearted doubters of this age of discovery and of ignorance," had tried to account for the alleged phenomenon by a notable conjunction of planets), we are inclined to sympathise with the regret of his very fair and moderate biographer "that such indefatigable labour in loyalty to God's truth, such vast resources of erudition, should not have been utilised to more manifest advantage for the enlightenment of the age."

We are more interested, we confess, in the man than in the pundit. Most aptly was he selected to fill the vicarage of Broadwindsor, where honest old Fuller once set the print of his digital ten commandments on a Roundhead's ugly countenance, and where Charles II. found refuge after Worcester. Dr. Malan was a thorough king's man, more English than the English, despite his ancestry, infinitely prouder of Oxford than Geneva, and furiously annoyed when any one pronounced his name in the French manner. He positively refused to allow the prayer for Parliament to be read in his church throughout Mr. Gladstone's last administration, and when a stranger mistook him for that eminent politician, to whom he bore some facial resemblance, the old clergyman's indignation knew no bounds. "No, sir, thank God!" was his answer to the question if he were indeed Mr. Gladstone; and when his shocked interrogator humbly begged his pardon, "And so you ought!" was all he took by his politeness. Nor was it only in theology and politics that Dr. Malan held vigorous views. He was no less decided against the use of a

landing-net, and he had no opinion of anglers who broke their top joints or curates who could not strop their own razors. His relations with his parishioners were those of a popular despot. He relieved a verger's lumbago by a stiff application of brandy scrubbed in with a hard brush; he taught everybody how to do his work, gave lessons to the farrier, the carpenter, the mason, the clockmaker, the choirmaster; built a church from his own designs without architect or builder; played a number of musical instruments, from the French horn to the flageolet, without any instruction, and with much satisfaction—to himself; and sketched admirably (as the illustrations to this volume and to Layard's *Nineveh* prove), with hardly any teaching, yet with "such devil in his work," as J. D. Harding said, that technical training could scarcely better it. There was, indeed, a good deal of "devil" in his vigorous, masterful character, and we can well understand that the servant or child who ventured to intrude upon his morning's studies (which began, by the way, at 4 a.m.) did not willingly repeat the experiment. Dr. Malan had a curt humour about him which was annihilating. A gardener was dismissed for theft: he ended a long argument in self-defence with the remark, "Ah, you'll miss me before I be gone half an hour." "H'm," replied the Vicar, "I shan't mind that, if I don't miss anything else!" One envies the sense of fun in a parson who walked up his pulpit steps every Sunday with the following text inscribed (in Ethiopic, if you please) inside his sermon-case: "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she did speak." He meant it in all reverence, no doubt; but it by no means follows that he regarded himself as in any sense or degree an ass. This biography, indeed, is an amusing, well-written, and adequate, albeit rather long-winded, record of his learning, sagacity, and eccentricity.

FICTION.

"Nurse Adelaide." By Belton Otterburn. London: Digby, Long.

WHAT is one to say of a book like this? A book that takes the reader jovially into its confidence, makes him as it were the accomplice of its literary atrocity, slaps him on the back with an impossible joke, digs him in the ribs with a jocose truism, taking his sympathy for granted in a way to disarm any reviewer with a heart of flesh? Dare we confess that we enjoyed this astounding production? that—in spite of the mouth of the heroine, "lined so beautifully with sharp, pointed bits of mother-of-pearl, and enclosed in pink coral lips"—we found her bearable? that we persisted in our reading when parenthesis after parenthesis had got entangled round our feet? "More than one kind neighbour had offered her—isn't it always the women, bless 'em! who come to the front so nobly when trouble is about?—services" is a mild example. The noticing of such a book in a literary paper is like the admittance among cultivated people of the man whom the book suggests. He is an impossible companion; his conversation is an outrage on education; and with it all he is so jovial, has such a big laugh and comfortable waistcoat that the unconscious humour of him, in contrast with the conscious facetiousness, will be found irresistible.

"Jetsam." By Owen Hall. London: Chatto.

AN improbable narrative, written in slipshod English and unredeemed by any incidents of interest, or any lifelike characters, "Jetsam" is certainly not worth picking up. The hero is an irritating youth, of splendid physique, who saves some one from being run over in nearly every chapter. He quarrels with his family, throws up all his prospects, and quite unnecessarily enlists as a private, having become desperate when the villain of the book passed himself off as his father. Even more exasperating is the wooden love-making, which recurs with soporific frequency. Love-making is surely one of those things which must be done well or not at all. And we look in vain for apologies to explain, though they cannot excuse, the abrupt changes by which, without a word of warning, the various characters take turns to relate the same tedious story.

"Sunset" (Hurst & Blackett), by Beatrice Whitby, disappoints one, as most of the author's books have done, since "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick." She is still the writer of one book, as far as literature is concerned. Of course, "Sunset" is better than the average novel, and will stand reading. There are good things in it. The attitude of the parents of Alix is a typical modern one. They were fond of her—they thought much for her comfort, and felt her society irksome. The hour she spent with them daily was "an effort to full-grown intelligences; filled as it was by necessity with questions and condescensions." Alix and the spoilt child, Fra, are cleverly contrasted; the results of both systems are hit off to admiration. The grown-up characters please us less. The lover is not alive, the husband and wife are a trifle incomprehensible in their relations; and one feels that the author marries her favourite Frances to the patient Rector *faute de mieux*. With all these faults, the book is not a failure. The generalisations are all well thought out, and there are many flashes of humour.

"A Sinless Sinner" (Macqueen), by Mary H. Tennyson, has an unusually striking plot. The unselfishness and kindness of the child murderess are touchingly drawn, and the picture of her life in the Reformatory is as powerful as it is dreary. The author should succeed in the line of straightforward storytelling with a sensational bias.

"Marcus Warwick, Atheist" (Kegan Paul) by Alice Dale is not at all a bad novel. One fears at first that Warwick is going to turn out the story-book atheist, converted to instant orthodoxy by the eyes of a girl; but he recovers himself gallantly, and nearly subsides into the highly respectable Clapham-dwelling atheist of real life, just saving himself therefrom by the harmless necessary murder of the villain, as to whom all readers will agree that no better solution could be thought of. "Not guilty, with a vote of thanks," would have been the certain verdict of any jury who knew the victim. After her murder, the author plunges boldly into a land where doctors move with wariness and doubt. Pre-natal influences are oft discussed, and not quite authenticated things as to results. And if the father flings a man over a cliff, it is open to question whether each successive child will throw kittens out of window or become subject to fits in which he feels as if falling through the air. Marcus, naturally enough, suspects that Providence has designs upon him, and his atheism comes to grief in the last chapter. Without being particularly impressed by him, we read his story with decided interest.

"A Fiery Ordeal" (Bentley), by Tasma, is only unwelcome as being the last work done by the clever writer who has for some years helped to represent Australian fiction. "A Fiery Ordeal" is not "Tasma" at her best, but it is a good novel, bright and readable, and as full as ever of human interest and picturesque description.

LITERARY NOTES.

IN these days of personal puffs and self-advertisement, the career of the late Lewis Carroll is a trenchant object-lesson. By a single inspiration of unconscious genius, he achieved an international fame which others, as great as he, only partly win through travail and despair. It is no hyperbole to say that there is not a spot in the civilised world, not a language with any pretensions to a literature, to which the Jabberwock and the Cheshire cat are unknown. Yet what did the great reading public know of the quiet student of Christ Church? what significance did the name of Charles Dodgson bear to the average mind? About the little humors of the hour, their wives, their clothes, their pastimes, we are told in every evening newspaper, but the king of drolls was content to speak only through his works, and their voice is more lasting than all the trumpets of the noble army of log-rollers put together.

The activity of Major Martin Hume is untiring. Among the more important of his many new projects, is a life of Cecil, Lord Burghley, for which he has had access to a mass of papers hitherto unpublished.

Mr. Oscar Browning is occupied in completing an

important life of Charles XII. of Sweden, a subject suggested by several years' study of the struggle for the Spanish Succession, and the great Northern war which accompanied it. He is also contributing the section dealing with the Foreign Policy of Pitt, to the new Cambridge History of Europe, which Lord Acton is editing.

America is the legitimate soil for big ideas: it is therefore not surprising that a scheme is being matured across the Atlantic for a "Bibliography of the World." The proposed plan for carrying out so vast an undertaking is the division of the globe into geographical sections, with a library for each centre which should catalogue every book produced therein. The lists would even extend to periodical literature. Something of a similar nature has been already projected in Belgium, where the King, in 1895, granted a charter for the establishment of the Office International de Bibliographie.

Dr. Andrew Clark has edited, for the Clarendon Press, the four chief biographical manuscripts in their new complete edition of "Brief lines chiefly of contemporaries, set down by John Aubrey, between the years 1669 and 1696." Some facsimiles will be reproduced in the two volumes.

The next volume to be added to Bohn's Library is the metrical translation of the "Nibelungenlied," by Alice Horton, which Mr. Edward Bell has edited. Messrs. Bell will also have ready next month Mr. Walter Crane's "Bases of Design." Of the 200 illustrations in the work, the majority are by the author himself.

In the forthcoming number of "Scribner's," Captain A. T. Mahan commences his series of papers on "The Naval Campaign of 1776 on Lake Champlain." The author has had access to some curious data, which help to put the campaign in a new and more interesting light.

Amongst the technical works which Messrs. Sampson Low are issuing this season is Mr. E. Symons Short's treatise on "Laws of Railway Bonds and Mortgages." Included in the subjects are bonds of gas, water, and other miscellaneous subjects, and the law applying to Receivers appointed in foreclosure proceedings. Some illustrative cases from English and Colonial courts are given. Another work from the same firm classed with this is Messrs. Barringer and Adams' comprehensive manual on "The Law of Mines and Mining in the United States."

ON THE THEOLOGICAL SHELF.

"The Hebrews in Egypt." Alexander Wheelock Thayer. London: Willcox.

"St. Mark's Indebtedness to St. Matthew." F. P. Badham. London: Fisher Unwin.

"Christ in His Holy Land." Rev. A. A. Boddy. S.P.C.K. "Theological Literature of the English Church." Bishop Dowden. London: S.P.C.K.

"The Dies Iræ." Rev. C. F. S. Warren. London: Skeffington.

"St. Columba." Duncan Macgregor. Gardner Hitt.

MR. THAYER has assimilated Graetz and reproduced him, *mutatis mutandi*, in a readable little book. Professor Graetz reads the history of the Hebrews on bold, imaginative and conjectural lines, and his guesses are always interesting and within the limits of possibility. Mr. Thayer, at any rate, has our hearty sympathy when he condemns the sheer brazen lying of the maps published by the Bible Society. They are quite out of veracity, and nearly seventy years out of date.

Mr. Badham's arrow smites Ur-Marcus in his vitals. There seems no escape from such careful reasoning. St. Mark is only intelligible by presupposing much of the matter of St. Matthew. This fact must be conceded, Papias notwithstanding, in subsequent discussions, and one more of the idols of the study has fallen from its base, unwept, except perhaps by certain very aged eyes. Mr. Boddy has seen "the Huleh lilies in their lovely dress blooming on the slopes of Kuru Hattén, and pigeons from their cotes in the Wady Hammâm": he therefore turns his experience into copy, and his copy into edification. There is a pleasant bathos about his flights of fancy, which makes us inclined to think well of him as a collector of facts. He writes in a simple uncritical spirit about the stones and

dust which he has seen and worshipped in the land of Palestine. To read him with sympathy is to wish to go on pilgrimage, and to kneel "with Canaanitish Christians in the Syrian Church dedicated to St. Paul," hearing the blessed mutter of the Arabic tongue which may very well pass for Aramaic, while one is in this mood. Mr. Boddy drags us back into the horrid critical spirit, when he calls a centurion a colonel and so on; but, on the whole, there is a devout mediæval flavour about him, which lies pleasant upon the palate and is welcome as a change from our more serious authors, who make a duty of humour and modernity. He is very strong on questions concerning the Apostles, hats and the various edible fishes which swim about the lake of Galilee.

Bishop Dowden has no such soothing influence upon his readers. He writes a Paddock lecture, or (as one may say with Edgar) "Paddock calls" him, to deliver his soul against the wild curates who preach him to death. He speaks for the High and dry Churchmen against the raw and juicy ones. He is content to show that the great Anglican divines are not upon the side of our rampant "young men." Especially he commends Field and Waterland, as likely to ripen and dessicate the crude and whimsical fancies of our theological youth. This is hardly to fulfil the pledge of his title page and causes him to err by wasting his limited space in fond applications of what he chronicles. He might with work and economy have given us a bibliographical appendix, and it would have been of more value than many sallies. Bishop Dowden's conclusions are drawn wholly without respect to the claims of literature as such. He dislikes Bishop Andrews, whose tongue has a tang to it. He positively grows malignant when he speaks about Jeremy Taylor's "Ductor Dubitantium." He considers that the "Anatomy of Melancholy" is lacking in imaginative energy (whatever that may be) and so inferior even to "Ductor." Dr. Dowden would have us believe that Sanderson is a far safer casuist than Jeremy Taylor, "our English Mercury," who was, he misdoubts, a little touched with Pelagianism. It is to be hoped that our author has the courage of his advice, and in Sandersonian manner recommends archery, leaping, quoits, and fives to the dour sabbatarians of Edinburgh, as excellent Sunday recreations. Let the curates by all means study Sanderson as their bishop advises; but it is a mere *ignoratio elenchi* to write thus about the most solid work of casuistry the English Church has ever produced. "To what is properly the science of ethics Taylor contributes little or nothing in his long discussions on the nature of conscience." Apparently the Bishop expects to find in the "Ductor" a treatise upon the science of ethics, whereas it is addressed to those who are seeking an art, not a science at all. It is an instrument for determining certain cases. Fuller is surely a writer whose great name deserves more than a mere mention, even in this feeble booklet?

Mr. Warren, late an assistant librarian in Truro, has laboured long and affectionately at the "Dies Iræ," that great anvil-hymn of the XIII. Century. He has studied the origins of that poem and the 234 English versions. He has also analysed the metres and merits of these latter very fully. It is rather a pity to waste investigation upon the twaddle and doggerel of many of these versions. It would be better to have given us one chapter at least upon the music, and a fuller note upon the liturgical use of the poem and an *index rerum* at the end. The object of the book, to get by eclectic method some final and universally acceptable version, strikes us as fanciful, but still Mr. Warren's book is interesting and useful, as a handbook to the literature of the subject.

St. Columba, seen through the eyes of the minister of Inverlochry, is a pastor whose manners and habits require much apology and solemn explanation before he becomes an ensample to Covenanters. Mr. Macgregor does not explain the bad tempers and vindictiveness of the Irish saints, as did Giraldus Cambrensis, by saying that the conduct of the Irish was such as to call for those qualities in their saints. He merely expounds his Columba until the disaureoled missionary becomes a mere man in a manse. It is to be believed that ancient Irish and Scotch people understood one another somewhat better than this, or the Culdees would never have arisen to beget so much Caledonian fiction. The "Offices" for St. Columba's day are based upon those from the Aberdeen Breviary, but adapted to Presbyterian ears. Nothing of them that can fade but doth suffer a kirk change, into something dull and hybrid. The very Culdees would have coughed at Mr. Macgregor's antiphon; but no doubt the modern Scot will believe and rejoice as usual over this new national romance. Did the General Assembly say this comic office, as the author hopes they would? How the Kodaks of the wags would have gathered together, if they had!

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

"Blackwood's Magazine" has taken the wrong side in the matter of the Indian Frontier; but, allowing for the initial blunder, the frontier article in the current number is comparatively harmless, even commendable. The writer deprecates further fighting. This, at least, is a grateful admission. To the sword he would prefer statesmanship, the policy of winning over, of conciliation, that has achieved so much in Russian Asia, so much, too, within the boundaries of the Indian Empire itself. The political aspects of frontier questions, in fact, have

not received sufficient attention, because there has been no one to attend. The writer therefore suggests that between the Secretary and the Viceroy there should be a "Foreign Minister," if a soldier no longer a fighter, some "Nestor of the Indian Service." If, during the ten years preceding the frontier risings such a man had "sat and voted as Foreign Minister in the Viceroy's Council, the political, as distinct from the military, aspects of frontier questions could scarce have failed to receive a fuller share of scrutiny and consideration, to the great advantage of the Empire." If this admission cannot be called exactly hopeful, it is better than a blind confidence in the Forward Policy and its methods. Mrs. O'Neill writes a sparkling account of life on a ranche in the North-West; "An Oxonian" says nothing particular about Cambridge, except that her dons know better than the Oxford authorities how to treat (or, rather, to refrain from treating), periodically troublesome undergraduates; Dr. Louis Robinson endorses the opinion that when a man's eyes "are somewhat prominent and are half veiled by drooping lids (a type well marked in the late Lord Beaconsfield), it is almost invariably a sign of superior mental qualities;" and an anonymous writer discusses very properly the reasons for Germany's success in manufacture—the superior technical education, the more meticulous attention to the wants of various markets. There is also a "Proposed Solution" of the army problem, which is doubtless as lucid and as convincing as the rest of the half-dozen solutions which appear every month. Both the serials at present running in the magazine deal with heroes in distant times of Scottish clan warfare and the French Revolution, and even the current short story plays a hundred years ago. On the top of this some unnecessary person must needs cry out against the present day and fidget himself into a solemn hysteria about something he calls the "New Humanitarianism"—give a dog a bad name and hang him. These four contributions together are almost too much disloyalty to our own time for one little number of a magazine.

Of the three hopeful papers on Socialism in "Cosmopolis," by M. M. Hyndman, Jean Jaurès and Liebknecht, the last is by far the best piece of work. It is an excellent thing, from the first word to the last, excellent in the depth of its philosophy, in its breadth of range, its humour, its long experience, its revelation of a personality, a lovable personality—it might easily be the best contribution to a more interesting number. Neither Paulet Victor Marguerite nor Adalbert Meinhardt arrest us with their short stories. In the first instalment of his piece Mr. James has involved himself, as only Mr. James can, with a publisher who will not print an article because he considers it improper. Both Mr. Henry Norman and M. Francis de Pressensé begin their articles with the set comedy of the German Emperor, though they each go on to more serious matters, one to a denunciation of the frontier war and the other to a prophecy of war between England and Germany. "Ignotus" contents himself with discussing the by no means entertaining impossibilities of a Central European Zollverein.

"Macmillan's" has a history, by Mr. Tighe Hopkins, of the brief misfortune that befell the royalist Camédie Française during the Terror; Mr. J. Cuthbert Haddon tells of Browning's early friendship for Eliza Flower, the musician, and her sister Sarah, the author of "Nearer, my God, to Thee;" and Mr. C. Litton Falkner begins his history of the French invasion of Ireland in 1798. In Burns, Mr. Charles Whibley has an admirable poet; in Mr. Henley, an admirable editor; in a world that has by no means underrated Burns, an admirable world—but Mr. Whibley is not to be cheated of his scornful displeasure by any such *banal* combination of favourable circumstances.

Mr. Stephen Phillip's apology for Byron in the "Cornhill" is a disappointing piece of work; the thing is so thinly written—perhaps he has wished to put too much into the ten short pages. Mr. T. C. Down draws a scaring picture of the impossible winter journey to the Klondyke; Miss Elizabeth Lee writes of the friendship between Miss Mitford and Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Meyer Henne suggests the sort of thing that might happen if a Somerset village were badly attacked by the "Drumtochy Bacillus."

"Temple Bar" is skilled in the business of discovering characters who are at the same time very distinguished and very unknown. In this month's issue Mr. Frederick Dixon has a well-felt and picturesque biography of Lally Tollandhal, the Jacobite soldier who distinguished himself under Saxe, and Dr. Japp says something of Elizabeth Smith, who taught herself Hebrew and wrote a translation of Job which, according to Dr. Magee, "conveyed more of the true character and meaning of the Hebrew, with fewer departures from the idiom of the English, than any other we possess." Both the short stories, "Monsieur le President" by E. Greck and "The Chevalier d'Antan" by Nellie K. Blissett, are pretty.

(For This Week's Books see page 124.)

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Milling	1,086	4	3
Cyaniding	1,087	11	7
Slimes	492	16	10
General Expenses	115	2	10

Development Redemption	47,051	7	8
	1,897	0	0
Profit	68,048	7	2
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Assay Office and Smelter	6540	2	0
Buildings	62	1	5
Development	1,786	9	9
Main Shaft	500	7	7
Slimes Plant	48	15	1
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Transport	234 5 9	
Milling	2,195 2 5	
Cyanide	1,580 9 11	
Slimes	1,310 9 5	
General Charges	3,378 15 6	
Mine Development	444 6 0	
Balance Profit	£20,580 4 2	
	25,094 6 7	
	£45,674 10 9	

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Value.	
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3,335'617 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works	13,991 11 4
795,000 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works	3,194 0 0
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The Tonnage mined for month was 19,472 tons, cost ... £11,481 11 5
Less quantity added to stock 76 " 44 16 3Less waste rock sorted out 19,396 " 11,436 15 2
3,287 "

Milled Tonnage 16,109 " £11,436 15 2

The declared output was 13,203'75 ozs. bullion = 10,884'263 ozs. fine gold.
And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was—13 dwts.
12'318 grs.

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month:—

6TH LEVEL—	ft.
Sinking Winzes	6
7TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	44
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	15
Sinking Winzes	19
Cross-Cutting	32
8TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	94
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	193
Sinking Winzes	38
9TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	48
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	46
Cross-cutting	80
Sinking Winzes	98
	713

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 30,205 tons.
During the month 3,287 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 14 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 16'946 per cent. of the total rock mined.

H. R. NETHERSOLE, Secretary.

Head Office, Johannesburg, 8 December, 1897.

THE
SURGICAL AID SOCIETY.

Chief Office—Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

President—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

The SURGICAL AID SOCIETY supplies Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Crutches, Artificial Limbs, Artificial Eyes, &c., and every other description of mechanical support to the poor, without limit as to locality or disease.

FOURTEEN BRANCHES have been ESTABLISHED in the PROVINCES.

Water Beds and Invalid Chairs and Couches are Lent to the Afflicted upon the Recommendation of Subscribers.

Over 23,000 Appliances given in 1897.

OVER 270 PATIENTS ARE RELIEVED EVERY WEEK.

Annual Subscription of 10s. 6d., or Life Subscription of 5 Guineas, entitles to Two Recommendations per annum; the number of Letters increasing in proportion to amount of contribution.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. BARCLAY & Co., Lombard Street, or by the SECRETARY, at the Office of the Society.

RICHARD C. TRESIDDER, Secretary.

THE SONS OF GWALIA, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.

CAPITAL - - - - - £300,000.

In 300,000 Shares of £1 each.

Directors.

CYRIL WANKLYN ARTHUR JOHNSTONE-DOUGLAS. R. C. OGILVIE. JAMES DAWSON.

Another Director will be nominated by the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited.

Bankers.—SMITH, PAYNE, & SMITHS.

Solicitors.—CARPENTER & THOMPSON.

Broker.—L. AARONS, Gresham House and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

Auditors.—MONKHOUSE, STONEHAM, & CO.

Secretary and Offices.—T. W. WELLSTED, Broad Street House, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and developing the Gold Mining Leases known collectively as the "Sons of Gwalia," and situated near Mount Leonora, in the Mount Malcolm district of the North Coolgardie Goldfield, Western Australia.

The properties were discovered by Welsh Prospectors in the summer of 1896, since which date a large amount of development has been carried out, and a 10-stamp mill has been erected.

Messrs. BEWICK, MOREING & Co., reporting for the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited, on 30 November, 1897, conclude their report as follows:—

"RÉSUMÉ AND CONCLUSIONS.

"The property comprises 168 acres, of which only one lease of 24 acres has been prospected. This lease contains two known auriferous deposits.

"The principal of these two deposits may be described as a zone of low grade ore exploited from 6 ft. to 30 ft. in width, and 650 ft. in length. In this zone there are five chutes of high-grade ore. The length of two of these chutes is proved, the three others are but partly proved. There are two or three chutes discovered but yet unprospected. There is 11,750 tons of ore blocked out in these chutes, which averages 2 ozs. 16 dwts. per ton.

"Surrounding these high-grade chutes are ores of low grade, yet profitable. Three chutes have been prospected so as to allow estimates of tonnage. Three are unprospected but of great promise. There can be estimated 3950 tons of ore averaging 10 dwts. to 15 dwts. per ton.

"There is a parallel vein, in which there is now blocked out 3200 tons of ore averaging 12 dwts. per ton.

"There has been milled from the Mine 3161 tons of ore, which has an assay value of 2 ozs. 13 dwts. per ton.

"The average value by milling both high-grade and low-grade ores together is 2 ozs. 2 dwts. per ton.

"There should be secured an extraction of at least 92 per cent., or 1 oz. 18 dwts. per ton. From 200 to 250 tons of ore can be extracted daily, and from its easily workable nature can be milled by 50 stamps.

"The working costs under the favourable facilities existing should not exceed 32s. per ton, and there is now blocked out and in sight a profit of £98,000.

"Assuming the value and tonnage to continue 100 ft. below the 100 ft. level, as above it, there would be in sight a profit of £230,000 above the 200 ft. level.

"Should the present ore chutes continue their value in depth, from them can be gained a monthly profit of from £30,000 to £40,000. If additional bodies of low-grade ores are proved, then the average grade will be lowered, and monthly profits may be reduced to £20,000—£25,000, unless milling capacity be increased to deal with larger quantities of ore.

"The ore has been proved below water level in the main shaft, and maintains its value. There is every geologic evidence that it will maintain its value and quantity in depth.

"The general nature of the deposit gives hope of proving great quantities of additional ore: 1st. In further proving the extent of partially proved ore chutes. 2nd. In chutes discovered and yet unprospected. 3rd. Of finding still other chutes.

"There are great quantities of ore of too low grade to work at present, which will, in the future, become profitable.

"The property possesses great potentialities."

It is intended to proceed with the erection of a new Mill, with fifty heads of stamps and a cyanide plant of the most modern and improved type, as advised by the Engineers.

The Company will be provided with a working capital of £50,000.

The purchase price has been fixed by the Vendors, the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited—who are the promoters of the Company, and are reselling at a profit—at £250,000, payable in fully paid Shares.

The following Agreements have been entered into:—

An Agreement dated 17 November, 1897, between the London and Westralian Mines and Finance Agency, Limited, the British Westralian Mines and Share Corporation, Limited, and the Union Financial Syndicate, Limited, of the one part, and the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited, of the other part, for the purchase by the latter Company of the above-mentioned properties.

An Agreement dated 5 January, 1898, between the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited, of the one part, and Herbert James Russell as Trustee for and on behalf of this Company of the other part, for resale to this Company of the above properties at a profit to the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited.

LONDON, 11 January, 1898.

NOTE.—As the whole of the working capital of the Company has been subscribed, and the Vendors are taking the whole of the purchase consideration in Shares, this Prospectus is advertised for public information only, and not for the purpose of inviting subscriptions.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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